

# REMEMBER THE HARVEST FESTIVAL DATES,

September 20th to 23rd, 1902.

# WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

18th Year, No. 46.      WILLIAM BOOTH, General.      TORONTO, AUGUST 30, 1902.      EVAHOELINE BOOTH, Commissioner.      Price, 5 Cents.

## REST.

① CHRIST, who givest rest, we  
come to Thee,  
Thy voice calls sweetly o'er life's  
fretful sea;  
And we are weary,  
With our journey dreary;  
And Thou art waiting our sweet  
rest to be.

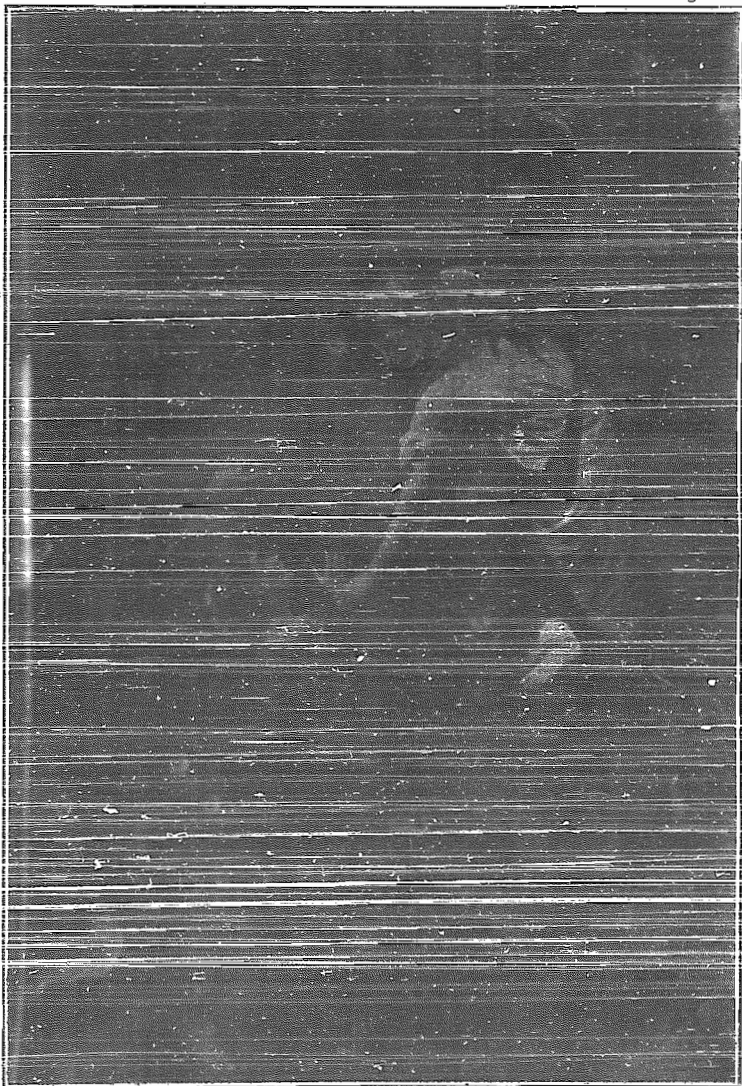
What is the rest Thou givest to the  
soul?  
What potent magnet draweth to the  
goal?  
Our souls are weary,  
With their conflicts dreary,  
Whose compasses have failed to point  
the pole?

It is the rest of faith, sweet trust in  
Heaven;  
Such is Thy victory to men still  
given,  
To souls full weary  
With their burden dreary,  
To anchor their frail boats, sore tem-  
pest driven.

It is the rest of meekness and content;  
Duty and discipline are Heaven-sent;  
So, sad souls, weary  
With life's duties dreary,  
Take from God's hand what He in  
lonely hath lent.

It is the rest which maketh burdens  
light,  
Which takes the irk from care, from  
frost the blight;  
And to souls, weary  
With their weeping dreary,  
It giveth joy-songs in the darkest  
night.

O Christ, give Thine to us Thine  
own sweet rest;  
Of all Thy precious gifts, it is the  
best;  
Then souls aweary  
With their failures dreary,  
Shall take heart and renew their  
heavenly quest.





# A RACE WITH DEATH.

HARRY TRACEY'S WILD DASH FOR LIBERTY—A TRAIL OF BLOOD MARKS THE PATH OF HIS FLIGHT—AFTER TWO MONTHS' CHASE HE DIES BY HIS OWN HAND—RETRIBUTION IS SIN'S SHADOW.

ON June 9th Harry Tracey made his escape from the Oregon State Penitentiary, where he was serving a sentence of twenty years. He was accompanied by David Merrill, who was in for thirteen years. Three men were killed in the escape and one badly wounded.

The escape was made in a bold manner by shooting three guards, and after scaling the walls with a ladder, the fugitives made for the woods.

The outlaws were armed with short Winchester rifles and revolvers, which they obtained in a mysterious manner. Trained bloodhounds were secured on the following day, and the escaped prisoners were pressed so closely that they came into a town, where they held up two men and secured a buggy in which they drove away. Cornered in a blind road, they forsook the vehicle and took to the woods.

On the 11th of June the woods were surrounded by two companies of National guards and 100 citizens. On the 13th, early in the morning, the criminals broke through the line and got away in safety. Later on, they entered a home and demanded breakfast, and again entered another house for dinner, in both cases forcing the people to supply food. More troops were called out.

June 15th the search was abandoned, and the fugitives seemed to have disappeared.

June 15th, Tracey and Merrill reach-

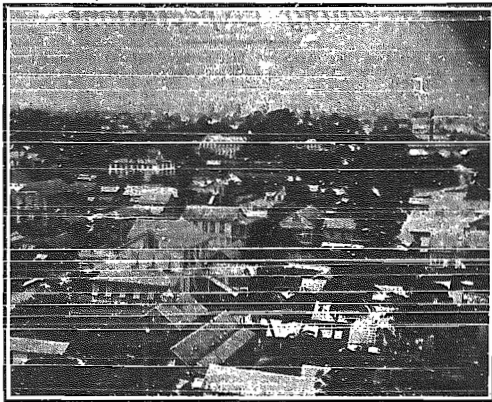
the suburbs of Seattle. He killed two men who pursued him, and wounded two others, one of whom died later. Twice he escaped inevitable capture. Tracey escaped with a farmer, whom he told he was one of the deputies in the search party.

July 6th, Tracey had disappeared until this date, when he took possession of the house of a farmer on an island, and spent the afternoon. At dusk he impressed a hired man to row him to the main land.

July 8th, Tracey was located in a farm house, which was surrounded by fifty men, but the outlaw escaped.

July 15th, Tracey had cut off the pursuit by sheriffs and bloodhounds when plunging in a swamp on July 9th, and successfully crossed the Cascade Mountains, also the Columbia River, appearing in Douglas County, Eastern Washington. He stayed at a farmer's, to whom he declared he would hold up an express train to secure \$5,000 for the men that helped him out of penitentiary.

On August 4th he reached the L. B. Eddy ranch, near Lake Creek, on the Washington Central Railroad, where he stayed for two days. His daring led him to allow a young man to leave the farm for the town, and in this manner his whereabouts became known. Four men, armed to the teeth, went to the farm. Tracey evaded them, but was wounded and hid in a cornfield. It



Georgetown, Demerara.

appears that an artery was severed, and being unable to staunch the flow of blood, he shot himself during the night. In the morning his body was found in the field.

So ended the fiendish career of Harry Tracey. Tracey and Merrill gained their liberty by murders, and for two months their lives must have been hell upon earth; horses and bloodhounds were kept on their track, and every man's hand was against them. Merrill was shot in the back by Tracey, his only friend (!), and Tracey added to his long list of crimes that of suicide.

The way of the transgressor is hard; and the devil's high wages for sin is death—death of body, death of soul, death of that which is noble, good, and desirable. And so, pursued by man-hunters, crazed with pain, without a rag of hope, in the dark of night, Tracey, with his own hand, tore his soul from the body, and flung it into a still darker eternity.

Sin is a small seed, but once it obtains foothold it grows and spreads, and the end of it all cannot be estimated.

Christ loves sinners; He died for them; He can save them. Let us proclaim it on the housetop, and let us seek, like Him, to save sinners.

## MY DADDY.

"Some mummie, she couldn't work the machine any more then, an' she kept on the bed all day, an' the Sisters from the Army they gave me my dinner an' washed me, an' said prayers with mummie, an' mummie cried."

"I cried 'cause she cried. An' she kissed me hard an' said, 'What will you do, baby?' The Captain said, 'We'll see after her, Mrs. George.' Then my mummie kissed the Captain

an' left off cryin'. Before mummie died she held my hand an' said, 'You be a good girl, darling, an' do as the Sisters say, an' then you'll come up to heaven an' see me some day.' I went home with the Captain an' sleep in her bed that night, 'cause Jesus had called for mummie."

"When Lieutenant took me back to our room

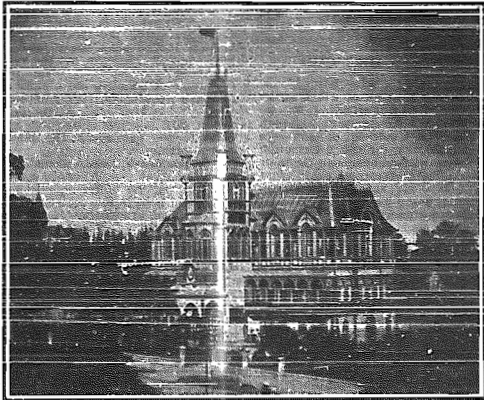
Mummie was in the Coffin, an' they lifted me up to kiss her. 'Cause she was so cold! That was 'cause she wasn't there, you know. She'd gone away with Jesus. I heard somebody comin' upstairs, an' Lieutenant she put the thing over mummie again."

"It was Captain an' my daddy, only I didn't know it was my daddy. He went away from my mummie an' me. Mummie told me so. That's why she worked the machine an' cried, an' we lived in our room alone. My daddy's face was all white, an' he stared at the coffin an' said, 'Oh, my God!' an' Captain she said, 'Her God will forgive you, as she did.' My daddy he made a noise, like he was hurt inside, an' said, 'What did she die of?' Captain said, 'Of a broken heart, I think, but Christ has made her happy now.' 'Was you with her?' my daddy kept on. 'Yes,' Captain said. My daddy said, 'Where's the child?' Lieutenant said, 'Here she is,' an' pulled me out from behind 'cause I was afraid. I didn't love my daddy then. 'Where's she been?' my daddy said, an' Lieutenant said, 'With us.' So then he caught hold of Captain's hand an' shook it, an' his shoulders went up an' down, an' my daddy said,

'You are Good Women.' An' they talked to him like they do in the barracks, an' my daddy knelt down to pray to be saved. He cried awful—not the way my mummie did. She used to cry tears, but he only made a crying noise. So I was sorry for him, 'cause he was my daddy, an' I cried an' loved him with my arms like I did mummie. An' he cried real all down his face 'till an' kept holdin' me tight up to him, an' askin', 'O God, forgive me!' all the time."

"When he was saved, Captain let him look at my mummie, an' took me home with her. An' daddy an' me an' Captain an' Lieutenant went to bury mummie—only she wasn't really buried, 'cause she wasn't there, you know."

The Was Alive Up in Heaven. "Then daddy took me in the train to grandmother. We live here always now, an' I go to a little school. There ain't no streets but one, an' there's lots of fields, an' I go an' buy milk—a big jugful for a penny—an' my daddy's saved, an' don't go to the public no more. When I go to bed he comes an' bears me say my prayers an' says his prayer, too. It ain't much. Not so long as my one. My daddy he says, very soft, 'O God, forgive me for leaving her mother, for Christ's sake.' I love my daddy now. He's a good daddy, an' loves me, an' my mummie she loves me, too, in heaven, only I wish she was here in this little house; but it'll be good I shall go up to heaven by-and-bye, shan't I?—All the World.



Town Hall, Georgetown, Demerara, in which Commissioner Conducted His Special Meetings Recently.

ed the Columbia River, and compelled five men to get into a stolen steam launch and take them across. June 16th, the convicts were supposed to be surrounded by a posse of 200 men. The two criminals bound and gagged a farmer, stealing his clothes.

June 17th, the fleeing men got away by putting the pursuing bloodhounds off the scent by strewing red pepper across their trail.

June 18th, the search was given up by the pursuing party. The criminals had been at a house, purchasing some provisions for one dollar.

June 28th. Not until this date was some definite information obtained as to the whereabouts of the criminals. They had broken into a house to steal clothes and food. The woods in which they hid were surrounded.

July 2nd, Tracey held up six men across the Bay of Olympia, stole a gasoline launch and made a crew of four navigate it to a point near Seattle. He left three boatmen tied hand and foot, and compelled the fourth to take him to Ballard, where he disappeared. Tracey declared he murdered Merrill, who had grown faint-hearted.

July 3rd, Tracey was discovered in



Public Offices, Georgetown, Demerara.





# The Devil's Blow-Outs.

By BUCKSKIN BRADY.

THIS is a piece of badland in the Big Horn Basin, between the Big Horn River and the mountains, called the Devil's Blowouts, and it is well named.

I had helped ter round up some of the most impassable country in the West, and had begun ter think that there was no place under the sun where a badland was so rocky canyons, an alkali bogholes had been piled together thick enough ter corral me or head me off round-up, an I ed felt fer sometime that es fer es personal experience was concerned that I was qualified ter take the beach agin any cow-chaser in the United States, when it cum down to a case of bad country by one who'd been there, an up ter the time I saw the Devil's Blowouts I had sent in my verdict in favor of er certain place along the Big River, where Jack Conway told that bunch of government packs, "You haek in the sev'ralty an' badland, an' the Devil's Blowouts agin the world, an here's the prova it."

We hadn't been in them Blowouts mor'n an hour after the man sent us in ter round up, till we cum ter the conclusion that they had made no 'ruff had a hand in orderin that particular piece of creation, an that he had designed it as

## A Sort of Man-Trap

fer ketchin unfortunate cow-punchers. Two of the boys went down in er bog before we split up ter do the circle, an if it hadn't been that sum of us were quick and handy they'd been there yet.

The Devil's Blowouts is a rendezvous fer all the outlaw cattle and horses fer miles around. They are about seven or eight miles across in any direction, and are pretty well covered with little hills an' mounds of feet in height. These little hills are so near the same belt and shape that yer ken hardly tell one from another.

The general lay of the country is level, so that ter look across the hills from top they have the appearance of an old-fashioned hay meadow, all bunched an ready fer the stock-yard. Not one hill in the hull track that will serve as land-mark, or point fer observation. So, if by chance yer should git lost, there is not one single point yer ken fasten yer eye on that will guide yer out. You'd simply be lost in a sea of hills, an this isn't the worst, either, cause the water between the hills er washes ly cut up by badlands, washouts, rocky canyons, an alkali bogholes that'll swamp er saddle-blanket.

One time an Irishman, in writin ter his brother in the Old Country about the West, said, "Say, Pat, I tell yer this country is all level but the hills, an they say it's level under them, too." Well, the Devil's Blowouts er just like that, all different—instead of the country level, yer have the hills level, too. It's all level on top of the hills too, or that is the top of the hills is the level part.

The hull Blowouts is covered with trails. Trails in every canyon, trails around every hill, trails across every flat, trails runnin together from every direction like the threads of a spider's web; trails, trails, trails, till you couldn't tell one from another. No matter in which way yer travel, yer find er trail goin that way too, and yet there's only one trail in the hull blowouts that will guide the alkali bogs clear the canyons an lead yer out, an take a trail. Yer find a well-beaten, well-defined trail, runnin round the hill ter the right. It looks fer all the world

like the straight trail, but in a few minutes it brings you up ter the brink of an awful canyon. One more step an yer'll be dashed in pieces on the rocky beyow. As yer looks across yer see the trail continued on the opposite side, but the great canyon is between. An as yer git down on yer knees ter peer over the edge, in the hope of finding some way across, how deep how deep it is, an when yer think what er fall over its edge would mean yer git skert an hurry away. Soon yer strike another trail goin straight down the valley parallel with the canyon. It turns ter the right, leads yer around a narrow shelf, lets yer down over sum slidin rock, around sum great giant boulders, down inter the canyon below, an yer begin ter think yer have found the crossin, an that yer on the straight trail fer sure, on yer start ter find yer way out of the other side, but everywhere yer go yer find a great impassable wall of rock, an yer turn back time after time till finally yer reach the same trail as brought yer in. Then yer notice fer the first time that it is a great basin, an that the trail has been made by stock travelin up an down an from water. Yer obliged ter go out at the same place as yer come in, an yer make up yer mind that yer straight trail wouldn't bring yer back ter the starlin point quite so quick, an so yer dodge the big boulders, an that yer on the slidin rock an round the narrow shelf. You'd give most anything ter find the straight trail as crosses all the canyons and leads out. Soon yer find the trail, it becomes ter start off straight, an lookin over the one yer huntin that yer heart grows lighter an lighter till yer find yerself almost stagin in yer belief that yer on the right track. But stop!

## The Trail Suddenly Disappears

In the earth not ten feet ahead. Just comes ter a sudden stop right before yer face.

## What does it mean?

The trail apparently loses er right in the solid earth. As yer look around yer notice that er some distance the ground's covered with a white substance, an ther yer know yer right on the top of the alkali bog. If yer push yer horse off the end of the trail it will be good-bye Chicago, fer sure.

## Why?

Because it has no bottom, an one plunge in it will fill yer eyes, an an mouth with fer ever alkali mud almost as thin as water, an strong enough ter strangle an blind yer in just one plunge, an if there is no one ter toss yer a rope, yer kinless er miracle I'll save yer.

Er ye in the Devil's Blowouts now? Let me tell yer, you can't help yerself because yer lost, an lost in the worst place on earth; so set stop where ye are an keep callin fer help. "O mister, I'm lost!" an some one ridin the straight trail'll hear yer an guide yer to it. An once yer strike it, never turn back ter the right er left till ye have left the Devil's Blowouts fer behind that yer'll never see um agin in this world or the next.

Yes, I reckon I'm about as well qualified ter take the beach as any cow-chaser, yer kin take yer trail. It comes down ter renderin a verdict in er case of badlands, washouts, alkali bogs, etc., by one who's been there. An I'm inclined ter think that this world er the next was designed all if the Blowouts was the Devil's badlands the devil could aker up. Come ter consider it, I'm of the opinion that the devil has some worse places in this world than them Blowouts, though I never was there.

Whenever I see a man watchin his neighbor in a horse trade, or makin fun of religion, he's in an awful piece of country, canyons all around him.

## Liab'le to Fall Any Minute.

Whenever I see a man actin the hypocrite er snubbin his neighbor, the devil's got him in a basin of mor'n

Liab'le to Fall Any Minute.

ter a whiskey bottle with one hand an tryin ter balance himself between God an the world with the other, he's jumped his horse off the end of the trail, an if he don't git help pretty soon he's lost; an there's mor'n one man goin down in this same bog every day. Are you one of them? Are you in the devil's badlands at all? Have yer lost the straight trail? Are yer lookin fer it? Are yer callin, "I'm lost! I'm lost!" If yer are, jest stop where yer are till we point yer out.

It don't matter how many rocky canyons yer've fallen over, or how many times the devil has correlated yer in a basin of mor'n four walls, or how many times y've been awarped in alkali bogs, if yer's still looking fer er way-out, an cryin, "I'm lost, I'm lost!" heaven must fall, we will show yer the straight trail! It don't matter if yer in such a jumble of trails an mounds in the Devil's Blowouts, there is one that'll take yer straight out, an it is the only one that'll cross the rocky canyons, avoid the alkali bogs, an take yer out.

It is a land mark a light, a way.

Will you take it?

Christ says, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved; I am the light of life, I am the way." See! Out you come!

## A WORK TO BE DONE.

There is work to be done in this world of ours.

This world of sorrow and sin; There is work for the hands, with their wonderful powers, A work for the spirit within.

There is work for the beggar and work for the prince,

There is work for the old and the young,

The cripple with millions, the cripple with pence,

The learned with pen and with tongue.

The statesman, the newsmen, the preacher, the nurse,

May work with their head, or their hand, or their purse,

Physicians, and printers, and all, In kitchen, or workshop, or hall.

There is work in the by-ways and alleys at home,

Where suffering and want hold their throne;

There is work far away mid the thunders of battle,

Where the bestial mind of life never shone.

There are tears to be dried, there are wounds to be healed,

Earth's wrongs and oppressions re-dressed,

Faint hearts to be cheered, and proud brows made to yield,

And a sin-stricken world to be blessed.

There are fatherless babes to be nurtured and fed,

And the brow of old age to be soothed;

The sorrowed and erring to Christ to be led;

And the pillow of pain to be smoothed.

Then rouse thee, my soul, to thy labor away,

Since life for this mission is given;

Like Jesus, thy Master, while yet it is day,

Work the will of thy Father in heaven.

Go forth in the morning, at noon, or at night,

Seek the dwelling of ages and of years;

For the needs to uproot with the plowshare of light,

And scatter the bright seeds of truth.

Bring home to the fainting and joy to the sad,

And Christ to the penitent soul;

Fill earth with rejoicing, bid deserts be glad,

And streame through the wilderness.

—V. H. Bozeman.

Many a small engine has a big whistle.

## THE SWEETEST THING IN THE WORLD.

Life is a hard business to the majority of men and women. If it is true, as we are told, that existence in this world is a probation for "some better thing" in another, to many it is so stern a one that they doubt sometimes whether the reward will be worth the toll, and struggle, and pain. The sad are always with us. Though we may build our palaces of art, we cannot shut our eyes to the tears of things, nor dull our ears so that we hear not the "cry of the human" and the beat of weary feet along the dusty highways of life.

"Does not the road wind up-hill all the way?"

Yes, to the end."

But it is not the great sorrows of life, the tragedies of human heart-break, which alone make up the sum of human pain. A man will face some heavy calamity, some great crisis, with a calm front, and yet shrink from the petty annoyances, the every-day worries and vexations which try the temper and irritate the nerves. He needs to be a hero to carry cheerfully the small burdens of life just as much as he who would stand in the front rank and bear the brunt of the battle, and dare great things before the public gaze.

But the Gospel of Christ, which has given us "the greatest thing in the world," and has given us the sweetest thing in the world, if love be lord of life, its gracious handmaiden, sympathy, is the sweetener of life's daily cup. When, in Olive Schreiner's allegory, the "lost child" "Love and Life" comes to the "house of the Father," "born of their meeting, a little orphaned stranger comes to comfort them, and with a hand in the hand of each, walks between them through the darkness of the world, to the house of the Father, sweet, tender things—warm in the coldest snows, brave in the dreariest deserts. . . . Sympathy." And it is this which God, who sets us in families, and gives us sweet home relationships, intends should help us on in life's journey; this which would we only cultivate it even as a gardener the choicest blossom in his garden would take from our daily lives half their pain and sting, and fill this hard, working world of ours with love and sweetness.

The memory of a smile lingers like mellow evening sunshine; like echo of a spring song it is heard long after the voice which uttered it has ceased; the fragrance of a kind deed never passes away. But how rare is this beautiful virtue. It costs so little to lend a sympathizing ear, to speak a sympathetic word, but how often we fail to do either. A want of insight and imagination is the cause of much of the selfishness and self-absorption of men and women. And no more are they starving for a little love around them, and their hearts break close beside us, and we never guess it. Oftentimes, only God knows the secret tragedies of the brave silent ones.

And did we but know it, we miss the best in life by our neglect of those powers of sympathy with our fellows which are given to everyone. "Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others, can never keep it from themselves." No law of diminishing returns operates here; expenditure of this kind of wealth only yields large and ever-increasing profits. It is the "heart at home, at home itself," which the most illustrious men and women of the wise, and clever, and witty things we once heard, but never the sympathetic word which fell on dead on our wounded spirit, the kindly hand which love prompted and which cheered us in our dark hour. For sympathy is but another word for love; it is the perfect love.—G. L. Fickworth.

"I thank God," said the Pharisee, "that I am not as other men."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the lady. "You seem to be like a good many of them. I saw you occupying a seat in a car last night when there were lots of women standing."







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## GAZETTE.

### Appointments—

ADJUTANT DESBRISAY, Hamilton, Ont. Corps and District, to Bracebridge Corps and District.

ENSIGN SABINE, Hamilton, Bermuda, to St. George's, Bermuda.

ENSIGN HOWCROFT, furlough, to Tilsonburg, Ont.

ENSIGN HALEY, furlough, to Dresden, Ont.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Commissioner.



## Harvesting.

Harvest Festival is at our doorstep. All around us we see the fields being reaped of whatever grain or vegetable may have been sown there. Vineyard and orchard are showing abundant evidence of a good crop. Now is our time to again press home to everybody the great unchanging truth, that a man largely reaps what he sows. Wind and weather, sunshine and rain, do their share towards making or marring the harvest, but even these become subservient to the observant and industrious farmer, while they become fatal to the slovenly and careless husbandman. So in our own lives we must be watchful of seasons, and by the good counsel of God, seek to improve our time. The fields of humanity are ripe for the harvesters' sickle. Who will be a useful reaper?

## Peace Following War.

The evidences of peace are becoming stronger every day. Blockhouses in South Africa are becoming the play grounds for children; wire netting, used to entangle and entrap the enemy, is used to fence in and protect farms. Fields which were the barren grounds for camps and batties are ploughed and prepared for cultivation again, and the most prominent of leaders in war on the British and Boer sides are meeting together in friendly intercourse. Army barracks and Social Institutions closed during the war are re-opened, and we pray that an era of unbroken peace may wipe out or soften the ugly scars left by the late war on hearts and homes, and that the recently-opposed nations may be cemented together by the bonds of Christian charity. The Army will not be wanting in doing its share in this effort.

The third batch of one hundred children has gone to the Oakville Camp for two weeks' holidays. The second lot didn't like to leave at all. The Camp is doing excellently. Staff-Capt and Mrs. Crisighton, Adjt. Farr, and Miss Fryer (the nurse), are marshalling everything to perfection.

### Canadian Cuttings.

The Canadian Northern Railway carried 9,000,000 bushels of last year's western grain, and expects to nearly double that amount this year.

The Dominion Iron and Steel Company have received an order from the Consolidated Gas Company of New York for 25,000 tons of coke.

Six hundred lady school teachers, under the control of the Roman Catholic Committee of Public Instruction, have attended a convention at Quebec.

The Toronto Biscuit and Confectionery Company's establishment on Front street east was damaged by fire to the extent of \$50,000 or \$70,000.

Mr. A. F. Hawksworth, of Montreal, Manager of the Merchants' Cotton Company, says: "Cheap labor in the old country and the preferred tariff is killing the white cotton manufacturing industry of Canada."

There is a look-out at the Dominion Organ Company's works at Downsview. About 125 men are out.

Stocks of anthracite coal all over eastern Canada and the United States are pretty well exhausted.

Large orders for pure-bred live stock are being received from British Columbia and the Territories.

Five Directors of the Dominion Colonization Company were sentenced at Montreal for conducting a lottery. The manager was sent to jail for three months, and the others fined \$100 each.

Work has commenced cleaning up the old Hudson Bay Railway grade, and the Canadian Northern will build the line to Oak Point, Lake Manitoba.

The Scotch machinists at the Kingston Locomotive Works have received notice of expulsion from the union from New York. They say the headquarters of their society is in England and their secretary there knew the circumstances before they left.

### British Briefs.

A new gold reef of considerable extent is reported to have been discovered in South Africa.

Queen Alexandra presented medals to the nurses, doctors, and men of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital Service.

One of the British Trade Commissioners who have been examining conditions in South Africa says all trade there is hampered by trusts and combines.

The British P.W. Office had 10,000,000 undelivered letters last year, and \$3,375,000 was found in them.

The choir which sang at the coronation of the King in Westminster Abbey, called from Liverpool to make a tour of the United States and Canada.

South Wales Miners' Federation has adopted a recommendation that the federation district contribute \$50,000 to assist the striking miners in the United States.

The British Admiralty has decided to establish permanent schools in home ports for naval cadets. The old warship Nelson will be stationed at Portsmouth for this purpose.

Earl Cadogan has formally retired from the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland.

The new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Earl Dudley, has been sworn in.

Rear Admiral Douglas, with seven British warships, has arrived at St. John's, Nfld., to discuss the French shore question.

The Boer Generals, Botha, DeWet, and Delany, were received by the King on the royal yacht at Cowes.

Labor is much in demand for the South African mines. It is said that the mines are nearly 200,000 workmen short.

### U. S. Siftings.

Anthracite coal is now \$9 a ton in New York.

The coal strike will probably be settled this month.

Ten thousand agents and office employees will lose their positions through the amalgamation of harvest companies in the United States.

A special session of the United States Senate will probably be held in November to ratify a reciprocity treaty with Cuba.

Police-men Timothy Devine and Charles T. Papp, of Chicago, were shot and killed in a battle with a gang of robbers.

United States capitalists will build a \$500,000 hotel in Winnipeg.

Several large herds of cattle are coming into Alberta and Assiniboia from the United States.

### International Items.

French peasants, in defence of the religious schools, have decided to use bees in fighting the gendarmes.

A thousand people were drowned by floods in Kwangsi Province, China.

The Kaiser Wilhelm II. said to be the largest and fastest passenger ship in the world, was launched at Stettin.

Several Anarchists of Madrid have been arrested, charged with plotting to assassinate M. Delcasse, French Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The Mexican City of Attala, on the Pacific Coast, has been destroyed by a tidal wave, and at least 30 people drowned. Other places suffered severely.

Cold weather has so injured the wheat crop in Germany that considerable imports will be required to produce a good quality of flour. The sugar beet crop of Hungary has also grown rank from excessive rains.

The Victory of Szechuan, China, reports the Imperial troops attacked the rebel headquarters at Inchuan, on August 12th. One thousand rebels were killed, and their leader, Tong Yu Hung, was captured and executed.

The Boer Generals went to Brussels for the funeral of General Lucas Meyer. Enormous crowds viewed the embalmed body. It will be taken to South Africa.

Members of the religious orders expelled from France by recently enacted laws, are applying to the Vatican authorities for permission to settle in the United States.

A report is current in the highest official circles that the Czar has seriously expressed to his intimate counsellors a desire to abdicate in favor of his brother, Grand Duke Tharevitch Michael Alexandrovitch.

The Y.M.C.A. World's Congress has opened at Christiania.

A volcanic eruption overwhelmed the little Japanese island of Torishima, and all its 150 inhabitants have been killed, as well as the entire village covered with debris.

The Parliament of Cape Colony met on Aug. 20th, for the first time since October 18th, 1900.

### NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL SAVED.

McMaster Wandered in a Salvation barracks at Windsor.

Windsor, Aug. 16.—With the police of two countries looking for him, and a reward of \$500 upon his head, James J. McMaster, alias Harrison, wandered into the barracks of the Salvation Army here last night, and threw himself upon the bench in the rear of the hall. When the meeting began Harrison listened intently to all that was said, and when converts were called

for he came forward to the penitents' bench, tears streaming down his cheeks, and on his knees he prayed for forgiveness for a life of crime. He declares his willingness to return to Cincinnati without extradition to answer a charge of robbery, and an official from that city will arrive here today to take the willing prisoner in charge. After his release Harrison declares he will identify himself with the Salvation Army, and will give to his life of for ever.—Toronto News.

## Territorial Newslet.

The General is coming. You know that, but it is wise to remind you of it, that you may not forget to plan at once to be present at his meeting.

Harvest Festival is coming, too, and will soon be here. We have had a steady increase in the amount raised ever since there has been an E. A. Harvest Festival in Canada, and this year will not be an exception. "The celestial!" is our motto.

Visitors to the annual meetings in Toronto will find the height of the Temple increased by one story—the outcome of absolutely required room for the expanding Printing and Photo Engraving Department.

Adjt. Adams, otherwise known as the "Duke of Watford," rejoices with his better half a brand-new baby.

The same happy event took place in the home of Adjt. and Mrs. Bala, now in charge of Lisgar Street, only it was a girl.

Adjt. and Mrs. Harrows, of Lippcott, also now number three. The additional member is a boy. All three Juniors arrived within a week. Sincere congratulations to all concerned.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Slanyon are busy with the preparation for the second session of Cadets, which will begin on Sept. 1st. The number of Cadets expected is between 80 and 100. Past accommodation will be insufficient, which compelled the Staff-Captain to rent another house close by the present premises until the new Central Training Home is erected.

Work on the new building, to be known as the Territorial Training Home, has begun this week, and from all appearances the edifice will be ready by New Year's for occupation. We shall, at an early date, give a description and detailed description of the new structure.

Major Collier informed the Editor that no far fifty-seven tickets of admission for the next session of the Training Home have been issued, and there are yet a few more to be given out.

Several of the Provincial Officers have written to say they cordially expect to reach their H. F. targets.

Major and Mrs. Evans and their little daughter, late of New Zealand, are staying a few days in Toronto, on their way to England.

## COMING EVENTS.

### COLONEL and MRS. JACOB

assisted by

STAFF-CAPT. and MRS. STANTON

with Fifty Cadets,

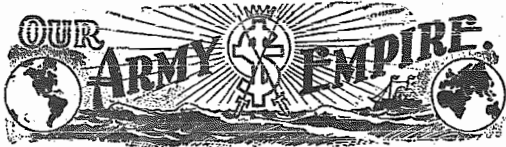
Will visit The Temple,

Sunday, September 14.

### Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin.

Will visit Lisgar St. Sun. and Mon. September 14 and 15.



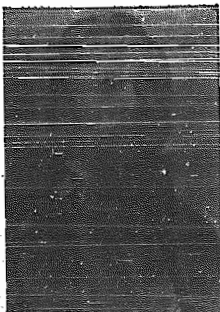


### Great Britain.

The General, is we are glad to report, in very good health. Although not on the battlefield this week, he is exceptionally busy with many matters, besides having a big literary agenda before him.

As a natural sequel to the General's recent campaigns on the Continent, the Foreign Office has this week been a centre of animation. Several Territorial leaders have not been exactly clamoring for corners of the Department in which to dispatch their mails, but they have certainly been rubbing shoulders pretty closely with each other.

Commissioner Pollard has had his first few days' experience in the Foreign Office without the presence of the Foreign Secretary, and he informs me that, although it is not the first time in his career that he feels as he does—that is, quite submerged—yet the spirit with which he has been received by his comrades has smoothed his way, and he is already cherishing the hope of presenting a good account of his stewardship to Commissioner Howard when he returns.



Commissioner Howard.

Commissioner Howard received a hearty send-off on Wednesday night. Mrs. Howard will visit Denmark presently, where she will take part in meetings which are now being arranged.

The Chalk Farm Band (London) has bit upon a splendid way of combining an enjoyable holiday with a soul-stirring musical tour. The band numbers forty-eight, and they left for a tour ending at Glasgow. They had a magnificent beginning.

Seventy-three men professed salvation in our Blackfriars Shelter last month.

Thirty-one thousand nine hundred meals were sold at our Provincial Cheap Food bars during the past four weeks.

Our Leeds Institution provided 4,650 cheap lodgings for homeless men during the past month; Bradford, 4,219; and Bristol, 3,478.

A homeless, friendless fellow, who has been a tramp for no less than six years, was directed to Blackfriars Shelter by a policeman last Sunday morning, and there gave his heart to God.

Last month 82,444 cheap lodgings for the homeless were provided by our Men's Social Institutions in this country. One hundred and ninety-nine thousand cheap meals were sold in the same time.

A German, who was destitute and utterly ignorant of our language, got converted in one of our London institutions last week. He was given employment in an Army Shelter, and is now in communication with his relatives in the Fatherland.

### United States.

The Commander is visiting the Pacific Coast corps, calling at the Army's colony at Fort Army en route.

The Commander is booked to visit Ashbury Park, Sunday August 24. The Auditorium has been secured and all arrangements are under way for a great day of salvation by the sea. Lieutenant Clifford and Staff and the National Staff Band will support the Commander on this occasion.

Capt. Clements, of Baltimore slims, has the privilege, every Sunday, of conducting a meeting among the 700 prisoners in the Baltimore bridewell.

A twelve-days' Swedish camp meeting, on Mount Hill, Worcester, Mass., has just been concluded. A glorious revival has broken out at the camp. Five thousand people attended the meetings, and fifty-two souls came to Jesus. A great number of the rescued the corps—Worcester III. The Holy Ghost has been working in a most marvellous way.

The paragraph of recognition of the Commander's recent visit to the Ohio State Penitentiary, in the Ohio Penitentiary News, the little four-page prison weekly, runs:

"The delightful visit and splendid address of Commander Booth-Tucker, of the Salvation Army, to the prison will long be remembered. At that time the Commander expressed his gratification with the good singing of the prison choir and the enthusiastic playing of the prison cornet band. As a further testimonial, Commander Booth-Tucker has just sent to the chaplain, from New York, a donation of six bound copies of Salvation Army music for band instruments. Thanks to the Commander!"

In a communication from Colonel Holland, Mr. E. E. Henry, Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer, of Chicago, says: "I talked many times with my beloved commander, General Rutherford B. Hayes (late ex-President), about this work, and, like General Benjamin Harrison, he always thought it one of the greatest organizations for important, true Christian work. If you talk to great a trouble, if you will please give me any information about your colony, I shall be greatly obliged."

Some interesting cases were converted at San Francisco II hall during the past week. A man who had not entered a church for thirty years had come to the city to have his eyes doctored. He attended several meetings at the corps, and finally came forward in a Sunday night meeting and gave his heart to God. He now marches and testifies, and sits on the platform.

Colonel Sewton took seven hundred children and mothers to Island Park, near Chicago, and is also arranging for a series of smaller outings each week during the remainder of the summer.

Pittsburg also did its outing for poor children and mothers, and in addition started a Fanny Ice Wagon.

The Consul has decided to hold a united soldiers' meeting in the Memorial Hall on Thursday, Aug. 28th.

Lieut-Colonel and Mrs. Margotts have gone to the National Centre, and are going to look after the interests of the Junior War.

Brigadier and Mrs. Stillwell sneaked Lieut Colonel Margetts in the North-West Province, and leave for Minneapolis at once.

Proposed police restrictions of Army meetings at Ionia, Mich., are novel, if nothing else. The officials of that town are endeavoring to secure the closing of our meetings at 10 p.m. This certainly does not sound much like religious liberty.

### South Africa.

Commissioner Kilbey and his Chief Secretary, have returned, via Cape Town, from a visit to the diamond fields. The Commissioner will next visit Natal.

The Commissioner and Chief Secretary and the unique experience of traveling to Mafeking in the very first train which went through the withdrawal of the soldiers from the blockhouses. Some of the miniature forts were already transformed into play-houses for Kaffir children.

The Labor Yard in Cape Town is now practically finished. It is a great improvement on the old establishment, which will be a great boon to the unemployed in the future.

Arrangements are completed for the despatch of the Native Party to England. Major Smith provided three Zeppelins, and Captain Smith provided an other lad from the Ulitvliet Location. Staff-Capt. Clark has been chosen to command the party, and he is bent on doing a good thing in the interests of our native operations. The Staff-Captain speaks English and Afrikaans and has a very fair knowledge of the Kaffir language.

Once more Major Lotz scores heavily in the interests of the Social Farm. This time it is at the East London Poultry Show. The Major went up there last week, taking with him a good selection of fowls and pigeons from Rondebosch. We have just heard that the Major's prize list is as follows: 1 Gold Medal; 1 Silver Cup (21 guineas); 6 Special Prizes; 11 First Prizes; 17 Second Prizes.

### Australasia.

Mr. Roe, the police magistrate of Perth, is a great believer in the methods the Army has adopted in dealing with the lawless. "If you cannot help me, no one can," he remarked a few weeks ago, when a young girl, aged 15, was charged before him with larceny. The plaintiff, a Chinaman, was quite delighted when she was handed over to our care. "Me no press the charge; she go with Salvation Army; God was in it; she held her lips tight." Her poor old father, away in his country home, sorrowing over his erring daughter, wrote a few days previously, "There is a great favor I wish to beg of you. I have a daughter who is mixed up with bad character. I want you to save her from further disgrace." Poor old man, he is now rejoicing that she is safe with the Army.

A poor woman, not having money to pay her rent, was turned out on the street with her six children (bally three weeks old) and her few belongings at 8 a.m. She had a penny left, or crust of bread. She walked all day, little ones all sitting where she left them, not one of the neighbors having offered them a bite of food. Not one word of complaint crossed her lips. "God was in it," she said, giving her health and strength again. In this sorrowful plight the Salvation Army found her, and lost no time in providing for her needs and those of her children. All are now well cared for.

Commissioner and Mrs. McKie are touring in North Queensland with

marked results. Many souls were saved and sanctified. At Maryborough the Commissioner and Mrs. McKie conducted a meeting with the German residents in their native tongue.

The Army has lost a warm friend in Mr. G. Leake, late Premier of West Australia, who died recently from an attack of pneumonia.

The Commissioner's heart is bent on reaping the very most for God and the Army during the coming revival season. There is to be three months' organized and sustained effort for pushing in a pronounced way all Salvation Army operations.

The Army's printing, the stereotyping, bookbinding, and etching plant, together with Major Osborne, the Printing Secretary, and his men, are now transferred to the new and commodious building in Albert Street, two minutes' walk from the Territorial Headquarters. Telephonic communication is being established between the two buildings.

The promotion of an old editorial colleague, Staff-Capt. Cottle, to the rank of Major, has been hailed with genuine pleasure, not only in the editorial "den," at the Territorial Headquarters, but also among many of his old field comrades.

The latest changes of importance include the transfer of Major and Mrs. Evans, of the Wellington Division (N.Z.), to England. We are sure they will be missed by hundreds of loving comrades among whom they have worked.

### Switzerland.

For the last six months Switzerland has been an independent Salvation Army Territory. Commissioners Booth-Heinberg have taken charge, and have received a splendid welcome right throughout the Territory. Since their arrival there has been quite a breath of new life, and some glorious happenings have taken place.

In addition to their own visits, the Commissioners organized campaigns lasting several days in various corps, assisted by the Staff and Field Officers. The last campaign at Geneva, in the great hall of the Casino, was successful and blessed. Each night there was an increase in the congregations, and souls got saved.

One Training Home session is about closed, the twenty-four Cadets, being at present on a tour amongst the various corps; and another session, with twenty-five Cadets, will shortly commence.

The health of the officers has not been forgotten. The James Hunt of Basel has just been taken near Interlaken, where officers on furlough will find fresh strength for the battle's front.

The General's visit, in March, to Nuchatel, Tramelan, Bern, Bale, and Zurich, has just been helped. Persons from all classes of the population came to hear the General, and in some of the meetings a large number came to the penitent form to seek salvation and holiness.

### THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Any person who sees the whole world going wrong is doubtless looking out from a perverted medium of seeing at some counterfeiter. Look not into a muddy pool to see us, when in all his glory he shines in the sky. Think pleasant thoughts; speak cheerful words; look on the bright side of things. The darkest cloud has a silver lining. "Night brings out the stars." God and the universe want to make you happy. J. N. Fradenburgh.

# FROM CORPS AND CAMPS.

**Short and Sweet.**  
 Bay Roberts, Nfld.—We rejoice over two souls won for God. All the officers in the District have been here for councils and a special meeting. Our motto is, "Onward to victory."—Lieut. Barry.

**A Hard Worker.**  
 Black Island, Nfld.—On Thursday evening, while working at the barracks I heard a voice calling loudly, "Hallelujah!" I stopped work and looked, and, behold, I saw Ensign Barry, our new D.O., coming over to give us a visit. He came unexpectedly, but not unwelcomed. We were delighted to see him, especially when he took hold of the glory and hammer and worked with all his might. The shavings soon fell off the edge of the board. The Ensign is a hard-working man, and the hardest work for him is doing nothing. He led two powerful meetings during his stay, during which we all were blessed.—J. Downey, Capt.

**Four Souls at Brockville.**  
 Brockville.—Since our last report we have had victory. Although everything seemed dead during the last week, and the people appeared careless about their own souls, thank God we made a break in the devil's ranks on Sunday night, when four precious souls sought and found salvation. We are still believing for greater things.—Frederic L. White.

**Eight Souls and Two Farewells.**  
 Hurk's Falls.—Since last report eight souls have knelt at the cross—four for salvation and four for a clean heart. Our motto is, "The world for Christ." Soldiers are all on fire for God, and, oh, how it does bless us to see the way they pitch in and help, and hold on to God for souls. We are very sorry to report that Capt. Matthews, who has labored so faithfully with us for the last thirteen months, is saying good-bye and leaving us. Words cannot express how much we will miss our faithful and loved Captain. By the way, I should say, he has won a place in every heart, both saved and unsaved. Tuesday night we had the farewell meeting at the outpost, Eli. It was a beautiful meeting, building full, and although none yielded, yet cordiality seemed stamped on many faces, and our hearts were made glad when several, after meeting, asked an interest in our prayers. At the close of the meeting a vote of thanks was tendered to Capt. Matthews and her former assistant, Lieut. Mander (now Captain at North Bay), for their faithful labors. It spoke of the high esteem in which they were held, and the unanimous vote touched our hearts and to God we give all the glory. At the final farewell, on Tuesday, a large number were present, and many were the testimonies saying what a help and blessing Capt. Matthews had been to them. With God's help we are going in for victory through the blood of Jesus.—Lieut. C. L. Jones.

**Ten Souls in a Busy Season.**  
 Catalina, Nfld.—Since last report ten precious souls have been found kneeling at the mercy seat, and have found pardon through the blood. Many others have felt their need of salvation. We are in a busy time. During the last few weeks more have had to leave the meetings deeply convicted of their sin, but would not yield to the Spirit of God. It is a very busy time in the season for our people at Catalina, but they try to put in a little time for the Master, and God has honored their labors.—Sydney Sainsbury, Capt.

**Jesus Answers Prayer.**  
 Clark's Beach, Nfld.—We've had splendid meetings all day Sunday. The knee-drill was a time of refreshing in the presence of the Lord. We

sang, "Jesus will answer prayer," in faith. In the night meeting the heavenly gales began to blow with the opening song, and it blew so hard that it swept two souls into the fountain. Praise God! We are in for victory.—J. Wiseman, Capt.

**"Push on, Comrades, in the Battle."**  
 Cobourne.—We are having beautiful meetings, and God is blessing us abundantly. Capt. and Mrs. Tudor, I believe, are going to be a great help and blessing to us while in our midst. We have had back with us an old friend, Lieut. Rutledge, and we were all delighted to see him once more. All the Lord bless him. We mean to go on and push along the good work of God.—One who is going to be led by Jesus, R. C.

**Two Wanderers Come Home.**  
 Elliston, Nfld.—It is quite a while since the readers of the War Cry have heard from this part of the battlefield, but our colors are still flying. Sunday was a blessed day, and at night we rejoiced over two wanderers coming back to the fold—one, a backslider, declared his intentions to live for God. Our soldiers know how to work in a Sunday night's meeting.—Lieut. L. Ridout.

**The Strike is Over.**  
 Fernie, B.C.—Thank God that in spite of many obstacles, caused by the miners' strike, we are still in the ring. Hallelujah! We rejoice to know that everything is settled as far as the strike is concerned. Oh, that men would only be as careful not to submit to the devil's poor wages. Our soldiers know how to work in a lot for the last three or four weeks, on account of the strike, and the warm weather has made our barracks very bare. Our open-air meetings have also attended the miners' Union meetings to discuss the strike. "Victory" in our motto in spite of it all. We are expecting Ensign Sheard very soon.—W. H. Rowlands, Lieut.  
 Could you please publish the song, "Think of Jesus" music by Commissioner Eva Booth, with the 1st cornet music? I am anxious to know it. I mean, of course, in the War Cry God bless you.—W. H. Rowlands, Lieut.

**A Week of Victory.**  
 Fortune, Nfld.—We can report another glorious week of meetings. We had a grand time on Friday night, a real pentecostal time with thirteen souls for salvation and one for salvation. The Captain was just going to

read the lesson when one young man came out. We turned the meeting into a prayer meeting, and soon had the precious form filled. A real good hallelujah wind-up finished the day. On Sunday Capt. Hildin spoke on the Judgment Day. We finished a good day with one soul in the fountain. Our crowds, despite the fact that most of the men are at the factory, are excellent. Many of our late converts take their stand boldly for God and the Army.—Spectator.

**The Blind Organist.**  
 Hamilton, Ber.—Our colors still are flying, and we never will give in! Wednesday night last we had a special meeting entitled, "The man who spoiled the music." In spite of the severe heat we had a good crowd, and the collection was also good. The comrades from St. George's helped with all their hearts to make the meeting successful. Some of the Juniors from St. George's took part also. Brother Taylor, the blind bandsman, from St. George's, performed on the organ. Everybody listened attentively, while Ensign Sabine read the story clear and plain. She was assisted by Adj. Graham, as it took nearly two hours to go through the service. Our open-air meetings are not behind. On Sunday afternoon we took our stand on Salvation Hill; the devil was also present, but we had the victory—one soul came out. The meeting at night was also good, in spite of a heavy shower just a few minutes before eight o'clock. Sergt. Major and Mrs. Smith favored us with a duet, accompanied by his guitar, which was enjoyed by all. The Ensign spoke on, "Because I have called and ye have refused." We closed about 10 p.m. feeling that a good day's work had been put in for the Master.—A Soldier.

**Unexpected Reinforcement.**  
 Houlton, Me.—Souls for the Kingdom, we are pleased to say, is the outcome of the last week's fight, for which we praise God. Sunday evening, during our open-air meeting, a reverend gentleman who was on his way to church stepped into our ring and concluded to worship with us, saying he wanted to be wherever God's children were endeavoring to reach the lost. While there was nothing about the man's dress that resembled S. A. uniform, yet his heart was in line with the Saviour's work, and his appeal to his fellow-men and women was very effective. Several other strangers who were listening also gave their testimony to God's saving power. God is keeping His soldiers fighting.—Mac, Lieut.

**Sent Two Officers into the Field.**  
 Lewiston, Idaho.—We are sorry to report Cadet Yorex's farewell after three months' hard fighting. The Cadet has many friends in Lewiston. During his stay here many souls have found the Saviour in the Army barracks. He has the credit of sending a brother and sister into the faith who both were converted under his hands. Mrs. M. Sumpter, who has been ill with typhoid fever for the past thirty days, is now gaining strength.—J. Y. Sumpter.

**A Good Start.**  
 Minot, N.D.—I am pleased to report victory. I have been here a little over a week and have enrolled one soldier under the dear old flag for God and seen two souls come in the fountain. One of these was an old man of 71 years, and another had been a backslider. Our friends are fair, and we have good open-air.—Lieut. Geo. Karas.

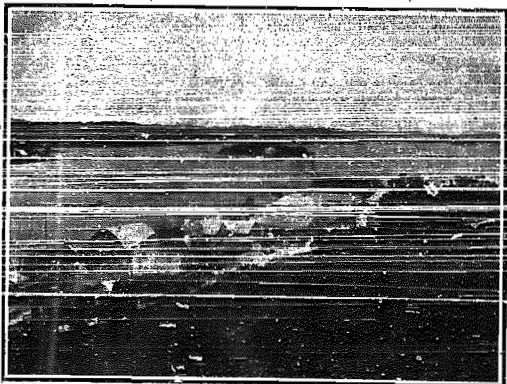
**Five Live Converts.**  
 Neepawa, Man.—God has blessed us very much. Sunday's meetings were real good, and five souls sought and found Christ. Our new converts are all testifying to the saving and healing power of God. We believe Capt. Miron and Lieut. Hunt are the right people in the right place. Look out for next week's report.—Cor.

**Toronto's Oldest Corps.**  
 Old Number One.—The weekend meetings at this corps were the best for some time. By request we went to an unfamiliar street corner on Sunday afternoon. As the singing and speaking could be seen people on the street-steps could be seen we had an account of their sins. It was reported that we should sing, "Shall we gather at the river?" which request was complied with. The words of the song seemed to have great effect. Captain's subject at night was, as titled, "Disappointed." Many of the people wept and one soul came in God with a broken heart. The night of the times are very encouraging.—Geo. Morris.

**Keeping the Flag Flying.**  
 Sackville.—Although crowds and collections are somewhat on the decrease in consequence of the hot weather, yet our flag is kept continually unfurled. Ensign Percy was with us on Thursday night with a lantern service, subject, "God true to service." He stayed until Thursday, assisting in Wednesday's meeting, which was led by Ensign and Mrs. Cooper of Springfield. One recruit was enrolled under the blood-stained banner. Capt. Hobbs has been with us for the past six weeks, nailed by a Lieutenant, is ordered to Bermuda. We will be sorry to lose her, as she has proved a great blessing to the corps during her stay here.—C. G. Palmer, C.O.

**Looking for Souls at Every Meeting.**  
 Simcoe.—God has been wonderfully blessing us during the past two weeks. We have not had any souls since the camp left, but we are looking for recruits. On Sunday night we had a grand meeting: the Spirit of God was wonderfully manifested, and a number were under deep conviction. Capt. Hornum spoke very powerfully from the Word of God, and our faith in the promise given to them who seek their bread upon the water.

**All Round the World in One Night.**  
 St. George's, Ber., for Jesus, is the motto in our barracks, and one of our men is coming. We had over one soul on Sunday night. The corps visited Hamilton on Wednesday to give a service of song, and we had a most happy time. The Hamiltonians were pleased to see us, and gave us a hearty welcome, and a good send-off at the finish. In the public meetings the people are faithful and dealt with by the Captain, and



Hamilton Harbor, Bermuda.

in the open-air. On Monday night the officers from Hamilton were with us to aid in a national meeting which was given on the occasion of the 5th anniversary of the Army in St. George's. Various countries were represented on the platform—Germany, Japan, Canada, India, the N.W. T. and England. S.M. Smith, of Hamilton corps, represented the N.W. T. and dressed as an Indian chief. He spoke of the work of the Army among the N. A. Indians, introducing the story of Jim Hansen. The representatives of the other countries spoke of the work going on there in a brief and graphic style, the introduction of statistics only serving to impress one with the truth of what was said, by no means making it a dry lecture. To sum it all up briefly, we gathered that the Army was progressing in all lands, that great things had sprung from small beginnings, and that the Army meant to push on round, round the world. We are losing Bro. Astill this week. He has been in hospital for a long time, and is now going to England. God bless him. Our prayers follow: blue—S. N. Church.

#### Angels and Dude.

St. Stephen, N. B.—On Saturday evening great crowds of people thronged the streets of which we took advantage by holding three open-air. One drunk, who had no money to throw on the drum-head, was going to jump on it from the side walk, but the danger was averted. He came inside and professed to get saved at the penitent form. Sunday was a fine day. Afternoon and night meetings were very impressive. People all over the hall were in tears, and some of them held up their hands to be prayed for. Monday evening was announced as the "Availing Rock of Ages." These representing angels marched the streets, also the worldly dude walked along the sidewalk and gave a dollar bill in the collection at the open-air. The meeting in the hall went off fine. The children, under the supervision of J. S. S.M. Mitchell, took the first part of the meeting, with songs, recitations, etc. Mr. and Mrs. Dudo acted the worldly part, which was afterwards explained by Ensign Thompson to a very fine audience. All appeared to be pleased with the meeting, and nearly all stayed for the afternoon social after a good little sum was netted. On Wednesday our D. O. Ensign Williams, was here on his farewell tour. The rain came down so fast and hard that we almost thought it impossible to do anything, but we got through with the open-air and had a fine crowd inside. The Ensign is a great worker. His address was listened to with great attention. We are in for giving the new P. O. a real border-line welcome—G. P. F.

#### Children's Entertainment.

Triton, N.B.—On Thursday night we had a very interesting meeting, when about forty children sat out the program. The program was long, but the children went through their parts very nicely, without being tired or sleepy. The singing, recitations, and drills were enjoyed very much. Both parents and children were delighted, and the close of the meeting a tiny little girl who went through the different drills in a splendid way received a prize.—One who was present.

#### Off to the Klondike.

Vancouver—Basking in the sunshine of God's love. Since last report we have had the pleasure of seeing two more souls seek and find the Saviour, for which we praise God. The Klondike contingent, in the persons of Adj. and Mrs. Kenway and Ensign Hellman, were with us for a good roasting meeting on the evening of their embarkation for the north. Then, when they have been for a worker in connection with the Social work here for several months, also saluted with the party. We prayed for them success in the grand and far-away, cold and ice fields of the Yukon. We also welcome amongst us Adj. Stevens, who has come to take charge of the work here. We believe that the Lord is going to make both him and her able assistants. Capt. Charlton is blessing to Vancouver.—H. N. M.

Better a fair failure than a false success.

## W. O. P. CAMP BRIGADE AT DRESDEN.

The Camp Brigade, under the command of Staff-Capt. Rawling, arrived from London on July 30th. We were billed to start our meetings in the tent on Wednesday night, but owing to some failure to make proper connections, our tent and baggage did not arrive until the next day, and here again another difficulty presented itself. Owing to recent heavy rains the grounds on which the tent was to be pitched, were completely swamped with water. However, our energetic Chancellor soon secured another place and the tents were put up.

The meetings during the week were very well attended, and the Brigade was reinforced by the D. O. Adj. McHarg. Saturday evening Major McMillan and the Cashier arrived from London, where the Major had been busy all day in the office.

Sunday's battle commenced at 7 a.m. knee-drill, where we got our souls refreshed. At eleven o'clock a nice crowd assembled for holiness meeting. The meeting was indeed a heart-searching time, and twelve came for-

Capt. Young, from East Ontario, who is on furlough up this way, the troops from Wallaceburg and Chatham, with the Chatham brass band.

The weather cleared up nicely, and Sunday was fine. The early-morning knee-drill was well attended, one comrade, with his wife, driving four miles to be present. Needless to say, they got blessed.

There were about 100 present at holiness meeting. God's power was felt and four came forward for the blessing of a clean heart.

The afternoon meeting was a record-breaker. Talk of crowds, why, almost half the town must have been there. The meeting was an old-fashioned free-and-easy, and was greatly enjoyed by those present.

The meeting Sunday night was equally well attended. The Major's subject was, "The backslider," and as the Holy Spirit breathed the words home to the hearts of many they were convicted, and three sought and found Christ.

Monday night our final meeting was held in the barracks, as the tents had been taken down and packed up that we might start an early start next day for our next appointment. The bar-



Mother Johnston, Woodstock, N.B.

persuade the "fair ones" to remain there longer, and a rather limp-looking party, carrying sundry mysterious bundles, set out for the quarters, which they reached about two o'clock in the morning. A scouting party turned out, and search was made, but the intruder, real or imaginary, is still at large.—Amo Dies.

## FROM BRAHMINISM TO CHRISTIANITY.

Some years ago a Brahmin named Ungannanar lived in North India, where there is a sacred place which takes the name from the temple of the idol of Jagannath. This man, having implicit belief in Jagannath as a god, worshipped his image continually. His own day brought a little book treating on Christianity, and read it. His anger rose when he found it stated that all idolatry was sinful and unserviceable, and that Jagannath was not a god. His anger, however, by degrees gave way to doubt, by reason of the arguments given in the book. He read it again, and prayed that God would show him what was right.

His doubts increased, and were followed by deep sadness and reflections on the grace and sufferings of Christ Jesus, the mortification "guru" (priest). Being much disturbed in mind, he resolved on purchasing the ramrod of a gun. Sharpening the point at one end, he waited for night fall, went silently into the temple and sat down immediately behind Jagannath; and, though filled with fear and bathed in perspiration, thrust the sharp end of the rod into the image, with a view to test the power of Jagannath. Seeing that nothing evil resulted from this bold act, he ran round the idol striking and stabbing it repeatedly until he was perfectly convinced it was nothing but a block.

He issued forth from the temple, accepted Christ as his Saviour, publicly avowed his faith in Him, and subsequently became a preacher of the Lord Jesus Christ, bringing large numbers of his countrymen to the feet of Christ.

## HOPE IN THE ETERNAL.

We are pilgrims marching through a land which, so far as we are concerned, has been unexplored. Surprises, dangers, and difficulties are before us, and how we are at ease on the morrow. But the future will have no fears for us if our hope is in the Eternal. Following the guidance of His hand, we shall be prepared to meet whatever may come of sorrow or difficulty in a spirit of calmness and submission. The Eternal God is this pilgrim's refuge, and following onwards, not by sight but by faith, we shall have home at last in the haven of His infinite love.—Rev. A. McNeilan.

We all of us complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Much of our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing of the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do; we are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.



ward for sanctification. The afternoon and night meetings were times of victory. The tent was compelled to give, and many stood around the sides.

Sunday night Capt. Thompson and Brother Duncan bid farewell to the troupe. Owing to home circumstances Capt. Thompson was compelled to say goodbye to Wallaceburg. We were also very sorry to part with Bro. Duncan, the "Hallelujah Schoolmaster," who has been a good assistant with his songs and music. We pray that God may make these comrades powers for good in their respective corps.

The meetings were somewhat hindered during the week owing to the heavy rain. On Saturday afternoon a religious meeting was conducted for the Juniors. Dresden has a good Junior corps, and under the leadership of their worthy Sergeant-Major, Mrs. Chisholm, is making good progress.

The open-air meetings have been very interesting, and large crowds gathered around and listened to the testimonies and songs. Adj. Orchard, in his long red coat, straw hat, and staff, attracted attention, as he announced that devils would be cast out by electric light.

We had with us for the week Adj. and Mrs. McHarg, Capt. Pattenden (No. 1 and No. 2), from Wallaceburg,

racks were well filled with a bappy, appreciative crowd. The meeting went with a swing. Such red-hot testimonies. There is no drag with the Dresden people, so far as testifying is concerned.

An enrolment was made by Adj. McHarg, after which the Major, in the name of the Commissioner, promoted Lieuts. Crafts and Fenney to the rank of Captain, also Bro. and Sister Sharp to the rank of Pro-Captain. Ice-cream and cake were served and our campaign in Dresden came to a close.

The crowds, in spite of very wet weather, have been splendid, the finances reached \$107, and 32 prisoners were taken. Capt. Young and his assistant worked nobly to make the meetings the success they have been, and their toll has not been without reward.

A rather amusing incident occurred in connection with our visit to Dresden, which will not be soon forgotten. A number of the Brigade camped out in the tents, and one night, after everyone had settled down to peaceful slumber a sudden call was made from the tent occupied by the ladies, "Staff-Captain, there is someone in our tent." We were all aroused and investigation was made, but the intruders could not be found. However, nothing could

(First Insertion.)

3560. OSBORNE, CHARLES. Formerly of Musgravetown, Nfld., aged 40 years, height 5 ft. 6 in., light complexion, no beard. Last heard of 3 years ago, somewhere in New Brunswick. Is supposed to have



## Fallen in Life's March.

By ENSIGN W. E. PARSONS.

The subject of this little narrative is Mr. Alex. C. He stood one night at the office window, with bleared eyes and tear-stained face, showing too well the marks and evidence of being led astray from the influence of a fond mother's prayers and tears, and turned his feet with the goddess crowd who look to satisfy themselves by running after the pleasures of the world. His pleading for a place to lay his poor, tired, weary, rumpled, aching head was too pitiful for any human being to refuse.

"Don't use me hard, or say anything harsh, or cutting, to me," he pleaded touchingly.

"Did you hold any position recently?" I questioned.

"Yes, for two years I was clerk in the Harbor Commissioner's Office, but, like a great many others, I drank too freely the while, and which blights a man's hopes for time and often for eternity."

"And how long have you been drinking, Mr. C.?" I asked.

"For twenty years, I have been on the way to ruin, and scarcely seen a sober day in that time. I have lost all, and every position through drink—poor unfortunate man that I am!"

"What are you doing at the present time?"

"Way, I am working at the Growler."

"A Growler, what's that?" I queried.

"That's what we call drinking about all the time. I am a poor, unfortunate Scotchman. I am broken down, out of money, means, and out of work, and worst of all, without a friend."

"What is that you say, Mr. C.?" Repeat it again.

"I am without a friend, sir."

"Without a friend?"

"Yes, sir; not two to recognize me at all."

With my own heart touched with the love of Him who loved not His life unto death, but gave it freely that all may be saved, I told him that there was help for him, even where he was then standing. This proved almost too much for him to believe. As the tears began to fill his eyes he stretched out his poor, weak, trembling hand and grasped mine and wish me God's blessing. How he longed for control enough over himself to start life over again, and to try to do the same as he once had done.

"I am so tired of life," said he.

"Mr. C.—don't you think you could do better?"

"Yes, of course, if I only had someone to help me; but I have fallen so low and gone down so far that I don't think anyone will have the sympathy; to do with me, or interest themselves in me at all."

So we parted, perhaps never to meet again until we meet at the Great White Throne, and maybe the words spoken led him to truth and righteousness.

There may be some who will read this little story and say, "They are down, let them stay there." No, it is too sad to see them down. Many have been in that state, and long to do better. Some dear mother with gray hairs has gone down to the grave sorrowing for her boy, who was once so loving and kind before being led astray.

Is there hope for them in Jesus? Yes, to save them He came, and for them He endured the mocking, the shame, the hate, and the buffetings; for their sakes He was robbed of His crown of thorns, and gave consent for Him to fall into the hands of a blood-thirsty crowd of rebels, who desired even a murderer and a robber to be released, instead of one so innocent and loving; for them He wore a crown of thorns, and put it upon His brow, and again for them He bears the cross to Calvary's height, there to die the ignominious death of the cross, that they may be delivered from the chains that bind them down. Yes, even for them the last words were uttered in the agony of death, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do" (Luke xxiii. 34).

With hearts aflame, with a love and passion as His, was for the salvation of the dying and perishing. Go forward, ye. Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel

them to come in that His house will be full (Luke xiv. 23) assuring them of a loving welcome from the hands of a world's Redeemer. Chances, opportunities and privileges are going by for ever. Then, what we do, let it be done quickly, and if done with an eye single to the glory of God, it will command the admiration of men and the smile, favor, approval, and approbation of God.

## RELENTLESS LAW.

Every kind of law is on his side who keeps it, and every kind of law is against him who breaks it. The law of gravity, of explosives, of health, of contract, of commerce, of art—these laws, heeded, becomes allies. To observe public morality finds public approval. And he who obeys God, has God's approval. All obedience, so far as such, works its appropriate results. There are no gratuitous or unearned rewards, nor any accidental penalties. Mercy moves in its own orbit. Each side of tangible sin keeps its own boundaries. Man's forgiveness does not remit overt penalty. Restitution amends some offences, but also some scars are worn to the grave. Rescue does not restore the external status. Therefore, a true repentance from evil as such does not stipulate the abatement of outward consequences. A drunkard reforms, his soul heals, but he, nevertheless, goes to an earlier grave.

## Safe Over Jordan.

## CHILD SPIRIT FLOWN.

St. John's II., Nfld.—We are sorry to report the death of little Willie Whitmarsh, the son of Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Whitmarsh. For the past seven months he has been a little sufferer, but on Friday, July 18th, his spirit took its flight to the realm above. On the following Sunday, as we followed his remains to our new graveyard, where he was the first to be laid to rest, we were more than ever impressed with the fact that God is no respecter of persons, the young die as well as the old. Little Willie will be much missed at home, but Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Whitmarsh have been able to say, "The Lord's will be done." May God abundantly bless and sustain our bereaved comrades.—John Lucas.

## SAVED AT THE THRESHOLD OF DEATH.

St. Thomas, Ont.—"Be ye also ready for the Son of Man cometh in an hour when ye think not." These words were very forcibly brought to my mind last Friday night, as I stood by the

spoke, thanking God that he had been saved in time, and warning the people to prepare to meet God. The band played as we marched to the cemetery, and we trust that many hearts were touched and led to think of the importance of being ready.

The memorial service was a very impressive one, the Captain speaking from the words of David, "There is but a step between me and death." Three souls made up their minds that they would get ready, and came to the Saviour, one of them being the young son of the deceased.

The widowed mother is left with four little children, and needs our prayers and sympathy.—Capt. Campbell.

## ENEMY SURRENDERS AT KROONSTAD, S.A.

Sunday, 13th July, heavy firing commenced 7 a.m., led by the Great Commander. Soldiers filled with the fighting spirit, determined to conquer the devil.

11 a.m., holiness meeting, grand times. God came and filled us with His great love for the sinner.

6.30 p.m. the fumes of darkness were stormer. Hallelujah! Forten led on by Capt. Webster. God's glory filled us to overflowing. Heavy shell fire was poured into the devil's ranks, resulting in four surrenders to our Great Commander, and numbers more convicted.

W. E. K. (Sunshine), Candidate, War Cor. N. & M. Leagué, 2nd Worcestershire Regt.



We are prepared to answer questions and give information upon any subject as far as it is possible for us to do so. We are not aware of any other such publication, and therefore, we are sure that this is necessary for spiritual growth, about persons, problems and perplexities. We accept general points of interest to the majority of readers. Write us frankly. Whenever a reply is made, it should be given quite confidentially, we will answer by letter, if you enclose postage stamp. We do not use our names in writing, but all enquiries should sign their full name and address, as a matter of good faith.

Anxious Slater.—Your letter has been read with deep interest and sympathy. We wish you had given your address to allow us to answer it by letter. Your difficulty it one that frequently occurs with a sensitive conscience. Whatever you decide to do, you should be fully persuaded in your own heart that you are going to place yourself where you can be of the most use to God's Kingdom. It is well to bear in mind it is not always how much we can do, but whether we occupy the place God wants us to be in, although it may, at times, seem not such as we would choose.

Sergt.-Major.—Question: Would you kindly, for the benefit of Local Officers, publish the proper way to wear Sergeant-Major's and Sergeant's stripes? At my home corps I have worn Sergeant-Major's stripes point down, below the elbow, on the right arm; and as a Sergeant I wore Sergeant's stripes point up, on the left arm, above the elbow, with my knowledge, I thought proper. Now I have been ordered to wear a new corps, which is a Provincial Headquarters, and where the S.M. has the stripes point up, above the elbow, right arm; and the Sergeants wear their stripes point down, above the elbow, left arm. I took my pattern from the War Cry before, but the S.M. here says he got his from the Local Officer. One of us must be mistaken. Kindly inform through the Cry.

Answer: Sergeant's stripes should be worn on the left arm, above the elbow, point down; Sergeant-Major's stripes on the right arm, below the elbow, point up. We cannot recollect that the War Cry has given any other information at any time.



New Post Office, Dawson.

Human law touches little else save that which concerns men in his person and property; it has to leave the deepest moral vindication for the world to come. Both for warning and consolation, we are taught to look toward celestial justice as the intrinsic thing. The end is not here. Looking past relentless shocks of mechanism, past the grimly beautiful exactness of the physical order, looking on to God's moral disclosures of the ends which transcend mere force, we shall perceive both a false confidence and a needless foreboding. By-and-bye, hearing the upper parts we shall catch the harmony that now is only figured with this mysterious bass. We shall know how even stress and pain could cooperate for good to them that loved God.

There is no lot in life so stern and cold and hard but it has somewhere a warm and secret corner where the human affection can blossom.

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—Phillips Brooks.

bedside of one of our comrades, Mr. Shaukin, who had just passed from time into eternity. A short time before this he came home from his work in the country apparently strung and healthy, and talked freely with his wife, who had just returned from the meeting, but in a little while she heard a noise, and going to the room found him lying on his back trying to get up. He immediately exclaimed, "Help me up, I'm dying!" She helped him onto the bed and was going to get some water, when he said, "Don't leave me, Kate; I'm dying." These were his last words on earth.

On the Saturday night before this the sister and two of the comrades went to his house after the meeting for the purpose of praying with him, when he tried to put them off by saying that he would not saved the next Saturday, but by hard persuasion they got him on his knees, and God delivered his soul from drink and sin. He gave his testimony then, and the next morning was at knee-drill and gave his testimony again. At night he was on the march, and on the platform inside, giving his testimony again, for the third and last time.

We buried him the next Sunday. The service was a very impressive one. At the house several of the comrades

# OUR HUSTLERS HONOR ROLL

Where's Nigger?—The Dauntless East  
—Farwell, Dawson, The Island  
Colony at it Again—A New  
Champion.

Oh, dear! What can the matter  
be? Here's Central Ontario next door  
to the Editor's den, and no hustlers' list,  
and poor Lieut. Currell is cut out of  
being champion for one week.

The Eastern sends as many as the  
East Ontario, Newfoundland, Pacific,  
and Klondike combined, and then has  
a few to spare. My, what a sell folks  
they are, to be sure.

The Klondike hustlers, Capt. Lloyd  
and Wilcox, are giving some hard  
drying ricks. But won't they be able  
to give some thrilling tales of Cry  
booming among the saloons of Dawson!  
Here's success to the new  
Dawsonites!

Newfoundland is at her old tricks  
again. I wouldn't be surprised if she  
leapt ahead and "show" her heels to  
several friends of mine. Well, I  
guess I'll wait before I say much more,  
in case I got disappointed.

AFRICA has not done as well as we  
used to. 77 hustlers is below par, and  
praised beauty. That arched neck of  
yours is not so proud as it was.

Seeing that Lieut. Currell's name  
does not appear this week, the palm  
is awarded to Lieut. West, of London,  
who sells 290. Well done, Lieutenant.  
You needn't go West. Stay right  
where you are.

The other champions are Lieut.  
March, St. John I. (245), Lieut. Moore,  
Sydney (235), and Sergt. Lidstone,  
Gloucester (206)—all down-Easter.

## Eastern Province.

### 135 Hustlers.

Lieut. March, St. John I.	245
Lieut. Moore, Sydney	235
Sergt. Lidstone, Gloucester	206
Capt. Payne, Hamilton	180
Capt. Martin, Fredericton	165
Sergt. Veltro, Halifax I.	165
Sergt. Richmond, St. John I.	150
Cand. Thompson, Charlottetown	114
Ensign W. Carter, Westville	110
Lieut. L. Newell, Eastport	110
Lieut. Thistle, Calais	110
Lieut. Brice, Charlottetown	110
P. S. S. Caslin, Halifax I.	100
Lieut. H. White, New Sydney	100
Sergt. McKie, Carleton	100
Capt. Prince, St. George's	100
S.-M. Flood, Hamilton	100
Jennie McQueen, Moncton	100
Cand. McFadden, New Glasgow	90
Lieut. Copeland, St. John I.	90
Mrs. Ensign Thompson, St. Stephen	85
Mrs. Adjt. Crichton, Charlottetown	80
Lieut. Duncan, Carleton	80
Mrs. Ensign Parsons, Amherst	80
Sister Townsend, Parraboro	80
Lieut. B. Duncan, St. John I.	80
Lieut. Weakley, Newcastle	79
Lieut. Parsons, Springfield	78
Capt. Armstrong, Truro	75
Lieut. Ginnivan, Chatham	75
Missie Smith, Windsor	70
Bro. Dunkley, St. George's	65
Mrs. Ensign Bowring, Woodstock	62
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John I.	60
Adjt. Wickins, New Glasgow	60
Capt. Lorimer, North Sydney	60
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	55
Ensign McDonald, Summerside	55
Capt. N. Smith, Moncton	50
Lieut. Fawson, Whitby Pier	50
Capt. Murrough, Liverpool	55
Lieut. Clark, Liverpool	50
Capt. Forsyth, Parraboro	50
Eugene Peckwood, St. George's	50
Stella Larder, Windsor	50
Lieut. McLennan, Bridgewater	50
Capt. Hebb, Sackville	50
Capt. Lamont, St. John I.	50
Sergt. Barker, Halifax	50
Capt. James, Halifax I.	50
Capt. McEachern, Kentville	47
Capt. Gilbank, Kentville	47

Capt. Netting, Annapolis	45
Cand. Harvick, St. Stephen	45
Lieut. McLeod, River	45
Sergt. Jarvis, Halifax I.	45
Amos Lawford, Bridgetown	44
Annie Ramey, Bridgetown	44
P. S. M. E. Worth, Charlottetown	44
Capt. Ebsary, Digby	40
Capt. Jones, Halifax I.	40
Sergt. Waterman, Sydney	40
Capt. Mercer, Campbellton	40
Capt. Leadley, Fairville	40
Lieut. Legge, St. John V.	40
Sergt. Mrs. Carter, Westville	40
Sergt. Mrs. Matthews, New Glas-	40
gow	40
Lieut. Richards, Clark's Harbor	40
Capt. Kirk, Dartmouth	35
Sergt. McKay, Halifax I.	35
Malcolm McGregor, Stellarton	35
Lieut. Barnard, New Glasgow	35
Capt. Murrough, Hillsboro	35
Lieut. Wood, Dartmouth	35
Lieut. Elliott, Sydney Mines	35
D. Smith, Camp, Westville	35
Capt. Pemberton, Campbellton	35
Capt. Cavender, Truro	32
Sergt. Burns, Somerset	32
Lieut. McKie, North Head	30
Capt. Miller, Chatham	30
Sergt. McKay, Dartmouth	30
Capt. Tither, Sydney Mines	30
Capt. Anderson, St. John I.	30
Mrs. Ensign Williams, Fredericton	30
Sergt. Chase, Fredericton	30
Sergt. Semple, Fredericton	30
Sergt. Ross, Fredericton	30
Capt. Chandler, Canning	30
Cadet Chislett, Canning	30
Capt. Greene, Houlton	30
Lieut. McKay, Houlton	30
Sergt. Dinne, Glace Bay	30
Ensign, Fredericton	30
Lieut. Munro, Westport	30
Mrs. Place, Hamilton	30
Sergt. Virgil, Southampton	30
Capt. B. Greene, Louisburg	28
Lieut. Whages, Louisburg	28
Mrs. Adjt. Wiggins, New Glasgow	27
Sergt. Pitts, Brimingham	27
Lieut. Nugent, Carleton	27
Aggie Wilson, Dominion	25
Johanna McInnis, Dominion	25
Sergt. Jones, St. John I.	25
Mary K. By, Halifax I.	25
Mrs. For, St. John I.	25
Mrs. Snow, Halifax I.	25
Mrs. Smith, Hamilton	25
Mrs. Loe, Hamilton	25
Cand. Clark, Glace Bay	20
Sister McQuinn, Glace Bay	20
Sergt. E. Smith, Westport	20
Mrs. Fraser, Halifax I.	20
Winnie I. Urgess, Halifax I.	20
Capt. T. W. Halifax I.	20
Cadet N. W. Halifax I.	20
Lothie R. W. Halifax I.	20
Capt. E. Smith, Westport	20
Sergt. Robinson, Amherst	20
Capt. Owen, St. John I.	20
C.-C. Godson, Fredericton	20
Ensign Thompson, St. Stephen	20
Sergt. Kent, Bear River	20
Mrs. Moler, Chatham	20
Ensign Sharp, Windsor	20
Sergt. Pelly, Chatham	20
Sydney Church, St. George's	20
Capt. Harding, Sussex	20
Capt. Conrad, Sussex	20
Lieut. David, Lunenburg	20
Lieut. Crossman, Lunenburg	20

## West Ontario Province.

### 77 Hustlers.

Lieut. West, London	290
Bro. Burton, Galt	150
P. S. M. McDonald, Brantford	130
Lieut. Close, Strathroy	120
Mrs. Hoffman, Woodstock	120
Capt. Vinne, Patten, Wallace-	100
burg	100
Cand. Backus, St. Thomas	100
Capt. Bishop, Chatham	100
Capt. Carr, Berlin	100
Carrie McQueen, Petrolia	85
P. S. M. Souster, Berlin	85
Adjt. Scott, Sarnia	85
Wiley Simcoe	75
Lieut. Ellis, Kingston	75
Mrs. McHarg, Chatham	75
Capt. Yeomans, Woodstock	75
Ensign Hoddinott, Ingersoll	65
Capt. Barner, Brimingham	65
S.-M. Dyer, Woodstock	60
Mrs. Ensign Hoddinott, Ingersoll	60
Cand. Woods, Stratford	60
Maggie Chatterton, Guelph	60

Adjt. Cameron, Guelph	55
Capt. Kitchen, Paris	55
Mrs. Capt. Rock, Seaford	55
Capt. Hancock, Heppeler	52
Lieut. Allen, Watford	50
Sergt. Robinson, Windsor	50
Capt. Dowell, Palmerston	50
Capt. Jorison, Stratford	50
Mrs. A. Howlett, Drayton	50
Lillie Duckworth, Heppeler	50
Mother Cutting, Essex	46
Rose Ellis, Dresden	46
Sergt. Ross, Windsor	46
Capt. Campbell, St. Thomas	40
Capt. Dowell, Palmerston	40
C.-C. Florrie Keeler, Windsor	40
S.-M. Richards, Guelph	40
Capt. Gibson, Tilsonburg	40
Sister Mary Ann, Tilsonburg	40
C.-C. Verna Crafts, Chatham	38
Adjt. Coombs, Petrolia	35
Capt. Lizette Patten, Wallace-	35
burg	35
Capt. Pickle, Tiedford	35
Sergt. J. W. Windsor	35
C.-C. Lillie Dixon, St. Thomas	34
Lieut. Davis, Dresden	34
Mrs. Kerawell, London	34
Lieut. Murray, Berlin	31
Mary Wilson, Simcoe	30
C.-C. Nellie Brown, Bothwell	30
Capt. R. Seaford	30
Lieut. McColl, Bothwell	30
Capt. Young, Forest	26
Lizette Garside, London	25
Sergt. Lamb, Stratford	25
Dave Vint, Windsor	25
Bro. Musgrave, Wroxeter	20
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	20
Sergt. Bryson, Petrolia	20
Adjt. Aitchison, Petrolia	20
Capt. Bonny, Listowel	20
S.-M. Graham, Windsor	20
C.-C. Nellie Brown, Bothwell	20
Don Kerewell, London	20
Sister Lavinia, Ingersoll	20
Sister Knapp, Ingersoll	20
Dad Christner, Dresden	20
Bro. M. Clement, Clinton	20
Bro. B. B. Clinton	20
Mrs. McIlroy, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Hocking, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Williams, Essex	20
Lieut. Parker, Essex	20
Matel Smith, Tilsonburg	20

## East Ontario Province.

### 60 Hustlers.

Lieut. Felford, Belleville	175
Lieut. Lawrie, Picton	150
S.-M. Dudley, Ottawa	147
Ensign Holt, Burlington	142
Lieut. Duncan, Ogdonsburg	120
Sergt. Stevenson, Peterboro	98
Ensign Bloss, Ottawa	90
Sergt. M. B. Montreal	84
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal	84
Lieut. Langley, Burlington	81
Lieut. Greenslade, Trenton	80
Lieut. Matthews, Peterboro	73
Mrs. Capt. Clark, Campbellford	70
Capt. A. H. Brookbrooke	70
Pro-Capt. Parker, Greenville	70
Cadet Allen, Newport	66
Sister Raymo, Barre	66
Adjt. McNamara, Kingston	65
Capt. Hicks, Pembroke	65
Lieut. Foley, Pembroke	65
Lieut. G. H. Newport	60
Capt. O'Neill, Arnprior	60
Lieut. Soward, Arnprior	60
Capt. Liddell, Millbrook	58
C.-C. Pollitt, Kingston	57
C.-C. Carson, Kingston	56
Lieut. Rutledge, Montreal	55
Lieut. Barber, Kingston	52
Sergt. Hippen, Ontario II.	50
Capt. Edwards, Quebec	50
Mrs. Capt. Brinson, Quebec	50
Capt. Berry, Quebec	50
Sergt. Carleton, Sherbrooke	50
Lieut. Carpenter, Sherbrooke	50
Sergt. Harbour, Ottawa	41
Sister Stone, Lakeside	40
P. S. M. B. Montreal I.	40
P. S. M. Bates, Prescott	37
Sergt. L. B. Belleville	36
Ensign Comstock, Fawcett	36
Sergt. Vancou, Montreal	34
Treas. White, Brockville	32
Mrs. Capt. Podger, Brockville	30
P. S. M. Moon, Tweed	30
Adjt. Ritchie, Quebec	30
Adjt. Galt, Quebec	30
C.-C. Casselman, Campbellford	30
Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal I.	30
Sergt. Wright, Montreal I.	25
Mrs. Brown, Kingston	25
Adjt. Potter, Belleville	25
Mrs. Macdonald, Kingston	25
Ida Munro, Barre	25
Dad Duquet, Trenton	20
Lieut. Holliday, Ogdonsburg	20
Mrs. Dine, Kingston	20
Sec. Green, Peterboro	20
Sergt. Ronald, Montreal I.	20
Capt. Brown, Port Hope	20

## Newfoundland Province.

### 25 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adjt. Fraser, St. John's I.	10
Sister Maize, White, St. John's I.	10
Cadet Collins, St. John's I.	10
Sergt. Harris, St. John's I.	10
Cadet Moulton, St. John's I.	10
Nettle Rose, Grand Bank	10
Bro. J. Jones, St. John's I.	10
Sergt. Blackmore, Pilley Island	10
Bro. J. Lucas, St. John's I.	10
Mrs. Newman, Twillingate	10
Lieut. Mercer, St. John's I.	10
P. S. M. Bennett, Fortune	10
Mrs. Capt. Moulton, Digby	10
J. S. M. Adey, Clarendville	10
Lieut. Harding, Bay Roberts	10
Capt. Wiseman, Clark's Beach	10
Sergt.-Major Ash, Carbonear	10
Mrs. Major, Bonne Bay	10
Sergt. Hutchins, St. John's I.	10
Sergt. Hudson, St. John's I.	10
Adjt. Fraser, St. John's I.	10
C.-C. Willie Fraser, St. John's I.	10
Sergt. Crocker, Horist's Delight	10
Adjt. Ford, Bonaville	10
Capt. Ford, Old Perlovie	10
Sergt. Carter, St. John's I.	10
Capt. Crew, St. John's I.	10
Capt. Hedditch, Shocastown	10
Mrs. Babcock, Bay Roberts	10
Sergt.-Major Riddout, Tilt Cove	10
Mrs. Adjt. Spence, St. John's I.	10
Lieut. Blackmore, Tilt Cove	10
S.-M. Green, Arnold's Cove	10

## Pacific Province.

### 22 Hustlers.

Capt. Larrach, Whetcom	10
Capt. Walruth, Victoria	10
Sister Wright, Victoria	10
Capt. Johnstone, Nanaimo	10
Lieut. Howlands, Pacific	10
Mrs. Adjt. Nelson, Rossland	10
Capt. Adjt. Blackburn, Nelson	10
Capt. Adjt. Spence, Victoria	10
Cadet Yorex, Leavenworth	10
Capt. Charlton, Vancouver	10
Capt. Heater, New Westminster	10
Sergt. Whipple, Vancouver	10
Cadet Knudson, Butte	10
Cadet Hargy, Spokane	10
Cadet Robinson, Butte	10
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Great Falls	10
Sister Hawkins, Great Falls	10
Sergt. Terryberry, Vancouver	10
Sergt. Mortimer, Victoria	10
Lieut. Basingthwaite, Livingston	10
Cadet Miller, Greenwood	10
Cadet McCormick, Vancouver	10
Bro. Salak, Spokane	10
Lieut. Cannon, New Westminster	10
Florry Pogue, Nelson	10
Faye Bushnell, Spokane	10
Sergt. Stevens, Dillon	10
Miss Watson, Lewiston	10
Sergt. Norbury, Spokane	10
Lieut. McDonald, Mt. Vernon	10
Adjt. Blackburn, Nelson	10
Mrs. Brown, Nelson	10

## The Klondike.

### 2 Hustlers.

Capt. Lloyd, Dawson	10
Capt. Wilcox, Dawson	10

## COWARDICE OF LYING.

The devil is the father of lies, and  
cowardice mothers them. All  
devil's promptings would never have  
been to him if our own weakness and  
fearfulness did not yield to his tempt-  
ing. When the lie crops up, it is  
not only necessary to say to the  
tempter, "Get thee behind me, Satan,"  
but it is also needful to say to our  
own hearts, "Fear not; be of good  
courage." The seduction of the  
lie is so subtle, like a good plan, it  
hide; the curse of it is that it is  
hiding in the powder magazine to  
cape the fire; the rule is not to  
be quick in coming, but when it  
comes it is far more dangerous than  
brave man may have to dash through  
the flames, but he has not caught  
the explosion. So the great French  
novelist, Balzac, says, "All tempt-  
all deception, is certain to be  
covered, and to result in doing  
whereas every situation of the  
heart is to lead him himself away  
on his own truthfulness." And  
then, if you fail to do it, you are  
then, if you fail, O Cromwell,  
that a blessed martyr. But if  
you are a lying devil, the devil is  
your friend.

Your lie will be worth what it  
costs you.

WORTH KNOWING.

**To Prevent Silk Sunshades Splitting in the Folds.**—When putting by a silk sunshade, between each fold place a roll of tissue paper.

To Prevent Flannel from Shrinking.—Soak in cold water before making up; then hang to dry without squeezing or rubbing. By this method the new appearance of the flannel is not lost.

**To Clean Muddy Boots.**—A strip of carpet glued to a piece of wood will remove mud from boots quickly, and without the slightest injury to leather, and is far better than the usual brush.

To Clean Paint—With a light brush and a pair of hewells remove the dust, and remove the soiled spots with a sponge dipped in water. In scouring wainscot, begin at the top and proceed downwards, using soft soap and fullers' earth. In the process two persons should be employed, one in scouring off the dust, and the other in drying the surface with a linen cloth.

**Folding a Man's Coat.**—The proper way to fold a man's coat is to lay it out perfectly flat, with the wrong side down. The sleeves should be spread out smoothly and then folded back to the elbow until each end of the sleeve is even with the collar. Fold the revers back and then double the coat over, folding it directly in the centre seam, and then smoothing it out carefully.

**To Clean Stiff and Dirty Chamols Leather.**—Make a weak solution of soda and warm water, rub plenty of soft soap into the leather, and let it soak for two hours, then rub it till quite clean. Afterwards rinse it well in a weak solution of warm water, soda, and yellow soap. After rinsing wring it well in a rough towel, dry it quickly, and pull about well till quite soft; it will then be better than most new leathers.

**To Clean Knives Easily.**—The German fashion of cleaning knives is

much simpler than ours, and saves much manual labor. Take a stout cork from a bottle, dip it into the knife powder, which must be previously moistened. Place the knife flat and rub it with the cork. In a few seconds the knife will be quite clean and polished, and only require wiping with a duster. To clean a knife on a board in the English fashion takes twice the time and labor.

**To Mend Table Linen.**—Always do this before sending to the wash. Provide yourself with flourishing cotton in different sizes, according to the fineness or coarseness of your linen. Paste a piece of stiff paper over the hole on the right side, and then darn very carefully with the flourishing thread on the wrong. The darn should reach half an inch beyond the tear on all sides and the crossing must be very neatly and accurately done. It is really more satisfactory to mend these places before they reach the hole stage, and takes far less time.

Let our life be moderate.—Jeremy Taylor.

Moderation makes a throne stand  
sure.—Seneca.

Moderation makes a throne stand  
sure.—Seneca.

Moderation is an attendant of wisdom.—Chung-Ne.

Do good in moderation ; do evil not at all.—Kadir Munshi.

Moderation in prosperity argues a great mind.—Cyrus Yale.

Moderation is a virtue in private and in public life.—W. H. Seward.

Moderation consists in being moved as angels are moved.—Joubert.

In religious matters, moderation has its own criminals.—*Mme. Swetchine.*

Only action gives strength ; only moderation gives it a charm.—RICHIER.

Everything that exceeds the bounds of moderation has an un-

stale foundation.—Seneca.

which runs through the pearl-chain of virtues.—T. Fuller.

Assume in adversity the countenance of prosperity, and in prosperity moderate the temper.—Livy.

Whoſoeuer thou art that hath be-  
come rich from great poverty, use thy

good fortune with moderation.—Aulus Gellius.

The boundary of man is moderation; when once we pass that pale our guardian angel quits his charge of us.

Mod:ration is the inseparable com.

penior of wisdom, but with it genius has not even a nodding acquaintance. —Colton.

\_\_\_\_\_

I saw once, lying side by side in a great workshop, two heads made of metal. The one was perfect: all the features of a noble, manly face came out clear and distinct in their lines of strength and beauty; in the other scarcely a single feature could be recognized; it was all marred and spoiled.

"The metal had been let grow a little too cool, sir," said the man who was showing it to me. I could not help thinking how true that was of many a form more precious than metal. Many a young soul that might be stamped with the image and superscription of the King, while warm with the love and glow of early youth, is allowed to grow too cold, and the writing is blurred and the image impaired.

Misfortunes are often our best fortunes. As we look back in life, we see that we have most reason to be grateful for the misfortunes that have overtaken us. We grieved as sudden disaster struck, but it is because our Father orders all, and His ways are not as our ways. Old Thomas Fuller, who had experience in misfortunes, says quaintly, "I have observed that towns which have been casually burnt have been built again more beautiful than before, and walls, which have been broken down, have been formerly but patched, after advanced to be tumbled. The Apostle tells me that I must not think strange concerning the afflictions that come upon me. May I likewise prove improved by it. Let my renewed soul, which grows out of the ashes of the old man, be a more firm fabric and more glorious structure than the old one was my advantage." Our Father chooses for us better than we could choose for ourselves. He often gives us the opportunity in what we count a great trial.

The Arabs have a saying that all sunshine makes the desert. Men often sigh for entire exemption from care and sorrow. If this prayer was answered they would not be the men that they are. In the silent, dark hours character of a certain sweet, tender type is matured. Other kinds of character are brought out by the sunshine. God sends all kinds of weather to the soul which He would develop in His likeness.

The moderate are often called cold by men who think themselves more warm than other men, because a transient glow comes over them.—Goethe.

When a recipe calls for one-half or one-quarter of a cup of butter, it is much easier to measure it in a spoon than to soil a measuring cup, and then scrape out the small particles of butter. You can always know how many tablespoons are required by remembering there are sixteen tablespoons of butter in one cupful.

When making muffins or gems, put the pans in the oven to be heating while the batter is being mixed.

Real Boston beans have a flavor imparted to them by a teaspoon of dry mustard, and a small onion baked in the bottom of the bean pan. The mustard is said to make the beans more digestible.

When cook'ng macaroni or spaghetti always wash it in cold water before boiling, and before using, partly because the cold water separates it, partly because you want it as clean as possible, and you want to wash away the dirty water in which it was boiled.

In stewing chicken which has been cut up, always put the roughest, most unsightly pieces in the bottom of the pot. Dark meat takes longer than white meat to cook, consequently put the white meat at the top.

Whatever you may hold most desirable, most worthy of effort, you must remember that advancement and success always and necessarily mean increased responsibility. This is the unfailing result of every upward step which you take. There is no escape from this. No matter what may be the form of your activity, all growth simply means heavier burdens to be carried.

## WOMEN'S SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS.

**I**T is very important that officers do not send girls or children to any of our Women's Social Institutions without making previous arrangements and obtaining the consent of the Matrons beforehand, as we have been put to a serious inconvenience in this way. We gladly help all who need us, but to avoid any disappointment on the part of applicants, we earnestly request officers and others to write us pre-

visually. Apply to the following addresses:—

Toronto, Ont.	Malor Stewart, cor. James and Albert Sts.
London, Ont.	Adm. McDonald, Riverway Ave., London St.
Montreal, Q.	Adj. Levesque, 243 St. Antoine Street.
Winnipeg, Man.	Adj. Levesque, 243 St. Antoine Street.
Hallifax, N.S.	Mrs. Edward Payne, 21 Windsor Street.
Halifax, N.S.	Mrs. Edward Payne, 21 Windsor Street.
Ottawa, O.	Edna Hill, 125 Daly Avenue.
Hamilton, Ont.	Captn. Bell, 363 Main Street E.
Butte, Mont.	Edna Hill, 125 Daly Avenue.
Spokane, Wash.	St. George, 215 West Cooper Street.

## "Foolsior!"

**September  
20th to 23rd**



## CONSECRATION.

Tune.—My all is on the altar.

1 In full and glad surrender  
I give myself to Thee,  
Thine utterly and only,  
And evermore to be

Chorus.

My all is on the altar, I'm waiting for  
the fire,  
Waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the  
fire.

O Son of God, who lovest me,  
I will be Thine alone,  
And all I have and all I am  
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

Reign over me, Lord Jesus!  
Oh, make my heart Thy throne!  
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,  
It shall be Thine alone.

## HOLINESS.

Tune.—Shall we gather? (B.J. 140).

2 Yes, there flows a wondrous river,  
That can make the foulest  
clean;  
To the soul it is the giver  
Of the freedom from all sin.

Chorus.

Round us flows the cleansing river,  
The holy, mighty, wonder-working  
river,  
That can make a saint of a sinner,  
It flows from the throne of God.

All who seek this cleansing river  
Have their deepest needs supplied,  
From all stains its waves deliver,  
To the soul when they're applied.

Have you proved this precious river,  
Perfect cleansing gaining there,  
Losing burdens that need never  
Rise again to bring you care?

On the margin of this river,  
In your stains why still dely?  
Why not now be free for ever,  
And the voice of God obey?

## WAR.

Tune.—I'll stand for Christ (B.J. 69).

3 In the Army of Jesus I've taken  
my stand,  
To fight 'gainst the forces of  
sin,  
To the rescue we go, Satan's power to  
overthrow,  
And his captives to Jesus we'll win.

Chorus.

I'll stand for Christ, for Christ alone,  
Amid the tempest and the storm,  
Where Jesus leads I'll follow on,  
I'll stand for Christ alone.

We go forth not to fight 'gainst the  
sinner, but sin,  
The lost and the outcast we love;  
The claims of our King before them  
we bring,  
And we urge them His mercy to  
prove.

Jesus pitied our race, and He died in  
our place,  
To save a lost world He was slain;  
But His blood and His love, and His  
pardon He gives  
Unto those who will call on His  
name.

Our warfare is great, and our enemy's  
strong,  
Our aim he will ever oppose;  
But the battle's the Lord's, and to  
Him we belong,  
and with Him we shall conquer our  
foes.

## A SONG WITH A HISTORY.

These verses, of which Major Baugh  
is the author, were written as long  
ago as 1859 or 1861. They are inspi-

arably connected with the history of  
the Army. When the song, to the  
tune "Champaigne Charlie," first ap-  
peared in the War Cry, a friend pro-  
tested to the singing of religious words  
to such a tune. The General felt at  
that time the force of the objection,  
and directed that our songs should not  
be set to music-hall tunes. Not long  
afterwards, however, this very song  
was sung in the General's presence  
at a big demonstration. The General  
was pleased with the tune—which he  
had not heard before—and especially  
with the heartiness of the congrega-  
tion in singing the chorus. He, there-  
fore, enquired of the Chief of the  
Staff what the tune might be, and  
upon mention of the title being  
made, the General decided that our  
songs might henceforth be sung to  
these popular airs. That was a wise  
and important decision, as we all know  
to-day.

Tune.—Morey still for thee (B.J. 49).

4 I was a slave for many years,  
And conquered by my sin,  
I tried and prayed in doubt and  
fears,

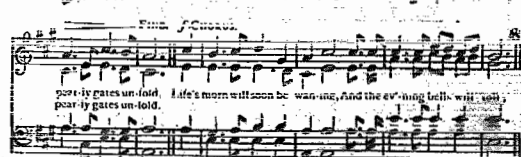
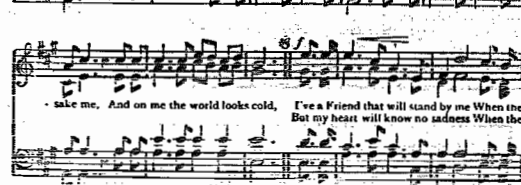
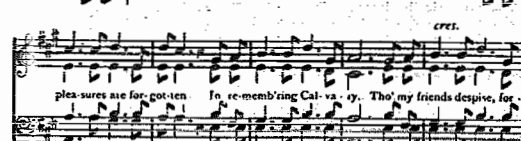
But still was wrong within.  
I heard that Jesus died to save,  
From every sin set free;  
I gave up trying there and then,  
And, oh, He set me free!

Old Chorus.

Oh, bless His name, He sets me free!  
Bless His name he sets me free!  
The blood, the blood, the precious  
blood,  
I'm trusting in the cleansing blood,  
Bless His name, He sets me free!  
Bless His name, He sets me free!  
I know the past is waied away,  
And now in Jesus I am free!

## LIFE'S MORN WILL SOON BE WANING.

mp Andante.

Met.  $\text{♩} = 76$ .

When the voice of Jesus calls me,  
And the angels whisper low,  
I will lean upon my Saviour,  
Through the valley as I go;  
I will claim His precious promise,  
Worth to me the world of gold,  
"Fear no evil, I'll be with thee  
When the peary gates unfold."

And though the world and hell unite  
My peace to overthrow,  
My trust is in the living God,  
Who makes me white as snow.  
The precious blood now cleanses me,  
And Jesus keeps me right;  
My will is swallowed up in God,  
I'm walking in the light.

Now in my soul there's constant peace,  
A peace I cannot tell,  
The living waters bubble up,  
And Jesus is the Well.  
The conflict's o'er, the battle won,  
And Jesus is the King;  
Where'er I go, and while I've breath,  
I always mean to sing—

## HEAVEN.

Tune.—Who'll fight for the Lord? (B. B. 15).

5 Oh, think of the home over there,  
By the side of the river of light;  
Where the saints all immortal and  
fair  
Are robed in their garments of  
white.

Chorus.

Over there, oh, think of the home over  
there!

Oh, think of the friends over there,  
Who before us the journey have  
trod;  
Of the songs that they breathe on the  
air,  
In their home in the palace of God.

My Saviour is now over there.  
There my kindred and friends are  
at rest;  
Then away from my sorrow and care,  
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

I'll soon be at home over there,  
For the end of my journey I see;  
Many dear to my heart over there  
Are waiting and watching for me.

## SALVATION.

Tune.—To save a poor sinner  
When Jesus was born in a  
stable.  
The shepherds came little  
too late,  
For the angels proclaimed that a  
sinner was born  
To save a poor sinner like me.

Chorus.

To save a poor sinner, to save a  
poor sinner,  
To save a poor sinner like  
me,  
For the angels proclaimed that a  
sinner was born  
To save a poor sinner like me.

He was wounded for our trans-  
gressions,  
Acquainted with sorrow was He  
in the Garden He prayed, and  
great drops of blood,  
To save a poor sinner like me.

He was brought to Pilate for  
judgment,  
He was sentenced to hang on a  
tree,  
"It is finished," He cried, when He  
suffered and died  
To save a poor sinner like me.

Death's barriers could not hold Him,  
He burst them asunder for us,  
On the third day He rose, in  
glory His foes,  
To save a poor sinner like me.

I'm fighting my passage to  
heaven,  
O'er death I shall conquer  
Then to Glory I'll fly, and  
stand  
through the sky,  
"He saved a poor sinner like me."

## INVITATION.

Tune.—What's the news? (B.J. 11).

7 Hark, sinner! Jesus calls  
thee,  
Come to-night!  
He offers peace and liberty.  
Come to-night!  
He waits to pardon all thy  
sins,  
To cleanse and make thee pure.  
For freedom now apply to Him,  
Come to-night!

Oh, do not spurn His offered grace,  
Come to-night!  
Here's welcome as a fond embrace,  
Come to-night!  
Remember how thy Lord was slain,  
Think of His agony and pain,  
That He may pardon might obtain,  
Come to-night!

Long hath thy Saviour called in vain,  
Come to-night!  
Why wilt thou still in sin remain?  
Come to-night!  
In glory angels will rejoice,  
When thou hast made the Lord thy  
choice;  
O, heed at once His loving voice,  
Come to-night!

Do not reject such boundless love,  
Come to-night!  
For joy and fulness thou mayst prove,  
Come to-night!  
And when thou'rt near to Jesus  
draw,  
Christ will be there to help and save,  
And give thee victory o'er the grave,  
Come to-night!

The days of grace are fleeting by,  
Come to-night!  
How soon our lives are all must die,  
Come to-night!  
Oh, think how awful it would be  
To spend a long eternity  
in endless pain and misery!  
Come to-night!

## Spiritual Species.

BRIGADIER PUGHINE,

Assisted by Capt. Urquhart.

Will visit Tweed, Aug. 30 to Sept. 1  
Ottawa, Sept. 10 to Sept. 22; Montreal,  
Sept. 24 to Oct. 6.

STAFF-CAPT. BURDITT and STAFF  
CAPT. MANTON

Will visit Stratford, Aug. 16 to Aug.  
25; Ingersoll, Aug. 27 to Sept. 3;  
Thomas, Sept. 10 to Sept. 25.